PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

JUN 26 1935

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. IX. No. 225 (New Series) SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . . Page 881
MEN AND MEASURES 884
A CRISIS WITH GOOD POINTS. By Alexander Werth 885
A WEEKLY DIARY. By Bertrand Russell . . . 886
THIS ENGLAND 887
LOANS TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! 887
THIS FREEDOM. By Y. Y. 888
CORRESPONDENCE 889
From Herbert G. Wood; Ronald Kidd; Dimias; H. H. Stockdale Ross; Alan Pryce-Jones; Kenneth Bradshaw; Lady O'Conor; P. W. Stuart and W. G. Rookes; Lt. Col. A. Osburn; John G. Palfrey; Francis Loyd; Ruth Pitter; H. J. Bostock; C. G. Grey.
AN ODE. By W. J. Turner. 892
NOTES ON NEW WORDS. By Logan Pearsall Smith. 893
FORTUITIES 894
PLAYS AND PICTURES . . . . . Page 894
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By David Garnett . . . 896
REVIEWS:
The Making of a Terrorist. By Ralph Wright . 897
The Problem Child. By S. Sprott. . . . 897
Austria and the Legacy of Bismarck. By W. H. Johnston 898
A Swedish Story Writer. By G. W. Stonier . 899
Beecham Embraced by Goddesses. . . . 899
Fiction about Bessarabia 900
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 900
SHORTER NOTICES 902
GRAMOPHONE NOTES 904
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS 906
CROSSWORD 908
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Toreador . . . 910

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE, rebuffed by the Cabinet, has made a new move. His stirring manifesto, whose signatories include himself, Lords Lothian and Snowden and Sir Walter Layton, and eminent Nonconformist leaders, is addressed to people of all parties and no parties. It is couched in eloquent, but very general terms. It calls for strenuous efforts for "peace and reconstruction" on the part of whatever Government may be returned. That we all want, and few candidates, we imagine, will find any difficulty in applauding the general idea. But the "non-party approach" stressed in the manifesto does not sound very hopeful in a country where the party system is so deeply rooted as it is here. Supporters of Mr. Baldwin and of Labour will both want to scrutinise the proposals of this "Council of Action" in a concrete form, before they commit themselves to yeses or noes. Will the programme turn out to be merely an elaboration of Mr. Lloyd George's New Deal? We shall presumably get an answer after the "Convention," which is to begin on July 1st.

Japan Goes On

The Japanese army has now bitten off another great chunk of China—the province of Hopei in which Peking lies. The Nanking Government has been too weak to resist the invaders' demands, presented at the point of the bayonet. Chinese troops have been forced to evacuate the province, together with all but the most pro-Japanese of the Chinese officials, and the branches of the Kuomintang and other nationalist organisations are suppressed. Nor is this all. Another province, Chahar, is threatened immediately with the same fate, and soon, it is expected, all North China down to the Yellow River will be in Japanese hands. Tnese *coups* by the military are said to be viewed with disfavour by the civilian element in the Government; and our old friend "the Foreign Office spokesman" in Tokio declares emphatically that the Japanese Government have no concern whatever with any new administration established in northern China. We seem to have heard similar disclaimers on various occasions since the beginning of the Manchurian adventure. The British Government, thanks particularly to Sir John Simon, long ago condemned itself to the role of an idle spectator of Japanese aggression. It is now sending Sir Frederick Leith-Ross to give financial advice to the Chinese Government. He will not get a very cordial welcome, we fear, from the Chinese Government's masters.

Mussolini's Thunder

While Mr. Baldwin was talking so gentlemanlike in Staffordshire last week-end, Signor Mussolini was roaring in Sardinia like the bull of Bashan—and roaring in particular

at Mr. Baldwin and his colleagues. Italy is not going to be interfered with, says the Duce. The public opinion of the world is a silly bogy, and Italy will take no more notice of it than did others when they were engaged in founding their Empire. That sounds very fine and damning; but it is really very naive. There was a lot of dirty work done by the British Empire builders, which their descendants do not view with approval, and there is no reason why we should approve Italian proposals to emulate it to-day, especially as the Italians of to-day are, as our ancestors were not, members of a League of Nations. Mussolini's thunder against this country is of little importance. But as an indication that he means to pursue his aggression on Abyssinia, his speeches are serious. If he persists in this, he may presently have —he certainly ought to have—still stronger grounds for annoyance with us. It is the duty of Great Britain as a member of the League to take active measures to prevent the flouting of the Covenant and the outbreak of a scandalous war in Abyssinia. If we fail in that, it will be a bad day's work for ourselves and the rest of the world.

President Roosevelt's Enemies

As the Recovery Act expires on June 16th, the American Senate has been distractedly busy over the resolution to continue the N.R.A. in skeleton form. Its chief opponents are the Progressives who contend that, since price-fixing is to go on while the codes of fair practice are necessarily abandoned, the N.R.A. in its second stage will retain its worst features while losing the good. The Progressives have gained one success in the restoration of the powers of the Anti-Trust Act. The steel industry is to maintain its code, but over the country generally wages are being ruthlessly driven down. Mr. William Green, of the American Federation of Labour, has come out in downright opposition to the President, announcing that since the Supreme Court's denunciation of the N.R.A. a million men are working longer hours for lower wages. That is a very conservative estimate. The Republican party, after its prolonged stagnation, is at last taking steps to create an opposition, but so far little has been done beyond an advertisement of internal dissensions. Two months ago a Republican group in Kansas declared that the party's one hope of restoration lay in the acceptance of a liberal platform. This week at a conference of delegates from ten Western States, it was made plain that liberal Republicans had better keep in the background. The old party bosses took command, and the "keynote" speech somewhat absurdly proclaimed that "the indissoluble union of indestructible States" was in danger, and that a planned economy was incompatible with free institutions. And yet Mr. Hoover, the last Republican President, was elected as an engineer and planner.

The Protectorates Again

It is evident that his Jubilee visit to England has not taught General Hertzog any of the essentials of the Protectorates problem, the first of which is obviously the welfare of the natives. He now protests that he has never asked for the Territories. The fact is that, knowing very well that the Dominions Office and the local governments shared the apprehensions of a large part of the British public, he and General Smuts left it to faithful friends in England to bring the question to a head. General Hertzog now assures a South African audience that transfer is only a matter of time. He says nothing of the objections that are rooted in Union policy, and is silent as to the promised co-operation which might have ended the paralysis of the Protectorate governments. Meanwhile, his colleague, Mr. Pirow, announces that he is able to furnish Northern Rhodesia with an ample supply of tear-gas, which was mercifully not used "for the defence of White civilisation." This, like the Tchekedi episode, is one more opportunity for diverting attention from the baseness of Union native policy, by hinting at the inefficiency of British rule elsewhere and staking out wider claims for Union dominance in Africa. The Colonial Office, we hope, will take note. The Union for its part would do well to abide by the principles of Dominion status, and concentrate on setting its own house in order as the surest way of facilitating the transfer it so urgently desires.

The Banks Rule France

The new French Government is generally admitted to be the prisoner of the bankers. M. Flandin's attempt to achieve some measure of internal expansion without altering the gold value of the franc has to be given up, and the Budget has to be balanced by drastic further economies at the expense of State employees and pensioners and of the social services. On no other condition will the Bank of France or the other bankers provide the financial accommodation without which no government can carry on at all. To this subservience of politics to high finance there is only one alternative—devaluation; but apparently the politicians are still too frightened of that to venture upon it. We believe that France will be compelled to devalue in the end; but for the time being the franc is "saved" again, which means that unemployment in France will increase, taxes will become still more burdensome for the poor, and a fresh attempt will be made by private employers as well as by the State to cut down wages. It is a melancholy outlook, full of dangerous possibilities for the Republic. Yet even the Socialists are only hesitant devaluationists; so strong is the feeling against "inflation" which has remained over as the legacy of France's experiences in the years before M. Poincaré stabilised the franc at one-fifth of its pre-war gold value.

Another Stalemate at Geneva

The International Labour Organisation has now reached a condition of stalemate hardly less complete than that of the Disarmament Conference. In the I.L.O., the part played by Germany in League affairs is being played chiefly by the employers, whose delegates act in major matters for the most part as a united group. The chief question at this year's Conference is the forty-hours week, which has the backing of a number of governments as well as of the workers' group. The employers' group, with only a few dissentients, is boycotting the discussion of this question; and in face of their attitude and of the hostility of certain governments, including the British, to an Hours Convention no progress at all is being made. The American delegate, Mr. Walton Hamilton, undeterred by the ambiguous position of his own government in the matter of labour legislation, made a vigorous and sensible speech, in which he likened the attitude of the

employers' group to that adopted by their forefathers on every occasion on which any advance in industrial legislation had been proposed. Mr. Hamilton's speech was excellent; but it will achieve nothing. The I.L.O. is well worth holding on to for the sake of its work in spreading information and achieving minor reforms, and in the hope that changed industrial conditions may later on increase its power. But for the present it is doomed to futility whenever it attempts to tackle any large question of policy.

The Bankers and the Boroughs

There has been a fine tussle going on between the City and the municipalities over the question of interest rates on municipal loans. The City, with the full support of the Bank of England, has set its face against the municipalities getting their money "too cheap," and steps have been taken to prevent them from placing loans on the market at less than a fraction over 3 per cent., as against about $2\frac{3}{4}$, which has been the possible rate in recent months. Some municipalities have accepted the higher rate, and Manchester's new loan, issued under these conditions, has been promptly taken up. Glasgow, however, which has a Socialist majority, is standing out and has withdrawn its proposal to raise a £2,500,000 conversion loan, deciding instead to secure the money it needs for the present by short-term borrowing at substantially lower rates. It will be interesting to see what is the outcome of this contest, which is no new thing, but has a special importance just now in view of the wide discrepancy between short- and long-term rates in the money market and the uncertainty about the future course of yields on gilt-edged securities. The reception of the Manchester loan, which was over-subscribed many times, looks as if the City were attempting to fix the level of municipal interest rates too high, and as if Glasgow were justified in its attitude of protest. But the Bank and the City carry heavy guns, and Glasgow will not find it easy to get long-term money in terms of which they disapprove.

Co-operatives in Congress

The Co-operative movement, in Congress this week at Cardiff, records a continued advance in membership and economic activity. The present pre-occupations of the movement include especially its relations with the Labour Party and its growing opposition to Mr. Elliot's agricultural marketing schemes. Co-operative organisations are hostile to the quota arrangements which have led to decreased imports of agricultural produce, especially bacon, at greatly increased prices. They rightly hold that in existing marketing schemes altogether inadequate attention is paid to the consumers' claims, and that, if the Marketing Acts are to remain in operation, they need to be complemented by parallel schemes for the reduction of middlemen's charges and the representation of the consumers' point of view. As for relations with the Labour Party, Co-operators want a more equal position with the Trade Unions in the formulation of Labour policy, but are not disposed to merge the identity of the Co-operative Party in that of the Labour Party. Under the scheme now being considered, the Co-operative movement would be represented, together with the T.U.C., on the Labour Joint Council. This is all to the good; but it is doubtful if much can be done directly to satisfy the Co-operative Party's claim that more seats should be allocated to Co-operative candidates. For this, after all, is a matter primarily for the local constituency organisations; and the Co-op. label in most areas lacks electoral appeal.

Fears of Drought

Recent heavy rains have no doubt replenished water supplies in some districts. But the fact remains that despite unseasonably wet weather many rural areas are fearful of a shortage during the coming months. Wells have not yet recovered from the lack of rainfall in 1933, and though last year's fall was a small fraction above the average, the first five months of 1935 showed a further shortage. Many springs that should now be running freely are reduced to a mere trickle; parts of Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire and Herefordshire in particular report serious deficiencies. Last year's troubles induced the Ministry of Health to make grants to rural areas for improvements in water supply, and these have been widely taken up; but no comprehensive plan exists or is apparently in contemplation; the Ministry's attitude seems to be that there is nothing to worry about. Water supplies ought to be organised nationally, not left to local initiative. Sir Kingsley Wood proved himself an enterprising and energetic Postmaster-General. Will he, as Minister of Health, take steps to see that a national survey of supplies and needs is rapidly completed, and then organise a plan that will once and for all secure the country against the visitations of drought?

A Lancashire Censor

Very sensibly the Oldham Town Council decided last week to lift the ban that had been imposed on the sale of certain books in Tommyfield Market. The incident is one of a kind that deserves notice, because if the vote had gone the other way the inquisitor of Tommyfield would certainly have found imitators. Collet's Bookshop sends out a motor-van carrying a supply of "books for workers," and these it has been offering for sale in the public markets. When application was made for a pitch in Tommyfield the superintendent wanted to know what books they were. Specimens were shown, and the bookshop was informed that a "No More War" pamphlet issued by the International Federation of Trade Unions could not be sold without permission from the police, while others would have to go before the Chairman of the Market. This latter functionary put his ban upon *The Secret International* published by the Union of Democratic Control and several other publications, including "For a Soviet Britain," the manifesto issued by the Communist Party of Great Britain which, a month ago, was brightly broadcast by the Riga correspondent of the *Times* as a menacing product of Moscow. Out of the batch investigated by the Market Chairman, only *Everyday Songs for Labour Festivals* was deemed to be harmless, and the Bookshop was informed that the superintendent had power to act and "that was the end of the business." Happily, however, it was not, for the Labour and Liberal members of the Town Council made a different ending, and it is fair to assume that local censors in general will take heed.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

MEN AND MEASURES

"POLITICIANS," said Mr. Baldwin in his speech at Himley Hall, "are fair game for criticism and often for derision." For ourselves, we should not dream of deriding Ministers, either the humbled or the exalted. The polite balderdash that has been talked and written about them by their friends in the last few days has done more than enough to make them look ridiculous to all who know the facts. But criticism of the National Government, its men and its measures, is certainly called for. The "National" Government it is still to be, though the pretence that it represents a genuine coalition of Conservatives, Liberals and Labour was long since exploded. Mr. Baldwin continues to harp on the necessity for keeping up this illusion; he would even like to make it look a little more real, for he suggests that a few extra seats should be provided by the Tories for their "allies." But of course, as he hastens to assure his suspicious friends, the Conservative Party will maintain its identity—the young lady of Riga is not going to perform the feat of swallowing the tiger.

As regards its personnel, we agree with the *Times* that the new Cabinet, though it "will not differ greatly from its predecessor, is definitely stronger in detail." Lord Londonderry's departure from the Air Ministry is a public blessing. Sir John Simon will be as good as, and perhaps better than, Sir John Gilmour at the Home Office; and Sir Samuel Hoare—dark horse as he is in European politics—cannot possibly be a worse Foreign Minister than Sir John Simon was. The experiment of making a pair-horse coach of the Foreign Office may have its advantages; it will bring Mr. Eden into the Cabinet and give him more scope and standing in "League of Nations Affairs." The British Empire is more doubtfully provided for. We could very easily think of a better Secretary of State for the Dominions than Mr. Thomas—and so could the Dominions. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald will join his father in the Cabinet and will be in charge of the Colonies. He is a hard worker and is on the side of the angels in colonial policy; his difficulty will be his officials and the "interests" that he has to deal with. It was he in particular, presumably, whom Mr. Baldwin had in mind when he referred in his speech to "younger and less experienced men who are waiting, eager for service"; for the other younger men who are promoted—Lord Eustace Percy, Mr. Eden, Mr. Ernest Brown, Sir Kingsley Wood—can hardly be called inexperienced. Sir Kingsley Wood, indeed, fresh from his success at the Post Office, stands out among the new appointments. We shall at least have a live Minister in charge of health and housing.

Is this reconstructed team meant primarily to impress the country at a general election in the near future? Or is it to be given time to do some work and show its qualities? That we do not yet know. A July election, of which there have recently been strong rumours, may now be ruled out, we think; the odds seem to be on the autumn rather than the spring. But in either case it will be the Government's policy and achievements, and not the portraits of its Ministers or "that Jubilee feeling," which will count with the electorate. Mr. Baldwin discoursed last Saturday on the Government's policy and achievements in a tone of complacency tempered with his characteristic modesty. He recalled "the circumstances in which the National Government was returned to power," and the way in which the people "rallied in that time of crisis" (might he not more justly have said "were stampeded by the discreditable manœuvres" of his friends?) to the "support of a Government that they believed would put things right." And has it put things right? The volume of unemployment stands to-day at over two million; the unemployed and their families have suffered miserable privations, intensified by cuts in benefits and means tests and the like, under the National Government. "There is no country," says Mr. Baldwin, "which has a happier record in dealing with its own unemployment than we have had in the last four years." That statement was received with cheers at Himley Hall; very different comments have been made on it, we fancy, among the queues at the Labour Exchanges, in the hard-hit industrial regions, in the back streets up and down the land where the Government's alleged beneficiaries struggle desperately to keep going.

We do not, of course, condemn Mr. Baldwin and his friends for not having a panacea. The charge against them—and it is a serious charge—is that they have shown themselves timid and incompetent doctors, with no imagination in considering remedies and no guts in applying them. They have refused, for example, to raise the school-leaving age, despite the obvious effects that would have in reducing the figure of unemployment. They have turned their backs on development schemes of one sort and another, in the belief—or on the pretence—that "public works" mean merely "relief works." Even their "dole" policy has been mismanaged; the Unemployment Assistance Board was brought in with a flourish of trumpets, and as soon as it got to business with its means test it was checked by a general howl of execration, in which the Government's own supporters joined. We are still waiting for the revised regulations; and we are still waiting for the insurance scheme for agricultural workers which has been recommended by this Statutory Committee, and which has been very cautiously accepted "in principle" by the Government. One failure Mr. Baldwin admits—in the Depressed Areas. It is indeed an egregious failure, and what makes it the more damning is that it is not simply a defeat of genuine efforts to cure the trouble, but the fact that there have been no genuine efforts. Now, tardily enough, the Prime Minister talks of renewed attempts to tackle the problem. Is there a chance that the imminence of the election will put some spunk into the Government?

Mr. Baldwin also referred to agriculture, and some of the more innocent of his hearers may have been under the impression that the National Government's bottle of rural medicine had been an effective cure for the discontents of the countryside. It has not, and it would be surprising if it had. This mixture of import duties, quotas, subsidies, restrictions of production and regulation of prices, has satisfied neither the farmers nor the consumers. Some have benefited a little by the operations of the Marketing Boards; others have lost. Marketing Boards are a sound and necessary element in a properly organised and comprehensive scheme, but worked as they are under Mr. Elliot's hand-to-mouth, half-capitalist, half-Socialist, policy, they inevitably produce trouble.

One of the most patent results of the Milk Board has been the enrichment of the middlemen out of the pockets of the consumers. What is needed is a nationally planned system of agriculture in all its branches—and that we have not got, and shall not get, from the so-called National Government.

On the vital question of foreign affairs Mr. Baldwin has nothing new to say. He tells us again that he wants peace and not war. Of course; but what the country is eager for is not general professions of pacifism—coupled with preparations for war—but more specific statements of policy. How exactly does Mr. Baldwin envisage our commitments in a system of collective security? Does he, to take a concrete case, mean to offer any positive opposition to Italian aggression in Abyssinia? What is he prepared to do in the way of limitation of armaments—beyond what he has already done in the way of trebling the Air Force? Is he going—and if so, when—to get Hitler to put his cards on the table and at the same time to put the British cards on the table? It is well that the old soldiers of Britain should, as the Prince of Wales urges, hold out the hand of friendship to the people of Germany. But it is also imperative that British statesmen should talk plain, as well as friendly, language to German statesmen, for Herr Hitler will not suspend his plans while we sentimentalise. During the past four years the British Government has had many opportunities of taking the lead in the pacification of Europe, and through cowardice or perversity it has muffed them. It has made itself an object of peculiar distrust abroad and at home. Can we hope that Mr. Baldwin and his new team at the Foreign Office are going to change all that?

A CRISIS WITH GOOD POINTS

THE double Cabinet crisis through which France has just passed was neither as sinister nor as incoherent as many people abroad seem to have imagined. The crisis was actually a superficial one, and resembled only remotely the political crisis of January-February 1934, which was a genuine *crise de régime*. Two Cabinet crises in one week would seem to denote an unhealthy state of affairs in the Third Republic; and the successive rejection by a large majority, the rejection by a small majority, and the acceptance by a large majority, of virtually the same emergency powers Bill may suggest to outsiders that the Chamber was inconsistent almost to the point of insanity. Yet the Chamber of Deputies has not come so badly out of this crisis, and has increased rather than diminished its authority in the eyes of French public opinion. Far from being a new *crise de régime*, this last Cabinet crisis was an occasion on which Parliament reasserted its authority.

Let me examine briefly the sequence of events. The Flandin Government, cursed with an unimaginative and universally unpopular Minister of Finance, decided, early in May, that another effort must be made to balance the Budget. The Treasury was in great difficulties; gold was beginning to pour out of the Bank of France at an alarming rate; and the foreign press was almost unanimous in declaring that the devaluation of the franc was a matter of days. When Flandin took office in November he declared that he would try to avoid "both deflation and devaluation"; and thought that he could do it if the banks, and particularly the Bank of France, helped him. A cheaper money policy, and increased facilities for rediscounting Treasury Bills at the Bank of France—which with its large gold reserve and liquid resources it could easily have initiated—would have stimulated the life of the country, and would, consequently, have improved the revenue returns, rendering thereby further deflation unnecessary. Moreover, Flandin hoped that the rise in world prices would reduce the divergence between French and foreign costs. His plan failed; not only was there no marked rise in world prices, but the Bank of France refused to help Flandin, and virtually presented him with an ultimatum—that he must deflate the Budget once again, or the Treasury would be starved out. Although he got rid of Germain-Martin, "the nominee of the Bank of France," at the last minute, the Chamber refused to grant him the emergency powers. It might have done so if Germain-Martin had been turned out of the Government a few days earlier. But his resignation came too late. Moreover, with his broken arm and his high temperature, Flandin did not seem fit to handle the situation—though in view of his hostile attitude to the Bank of France his ideas were admitted to be sounder than those of the more orthodox financiers. The overthrow of the Flandin Government was the Chamber's protest against the domination of the Bank of France; and if Flandin had denounced it more vigorously than he did, instead of surrendering to it in the end, he might have won.

The overthrow of the Bouisson-Caillaux Cabinet three days later was due more to its political attitude than to its financial ideas—not that these were any more popular than Flandin's (they were, if anything, less so). In demanding emergency powers from the Chamber both Bouisson and Caillaux treated the Chamber with ostentatious disdain. Bouisson declared that the Cabinet would have so much important work to do that it must not be bothered by the Chamber; the Chamber, in short, was a nuisance, and if it tried to interfere with him, he, Bouisson, would immediately send it on holiday. And Caillaux did not improve matters by surveying the Chamber superciliously through his monocle. It overthrew the Government by two votes. The result caused a moment of consternation even among many members of the Left, who suddenly became frightened by their own boldness. They were afraid of a panic on the Bourse, and of street disturbances. Actually in defeating Bouisson the Chamber had followed its sound democratic instinct; its reply to Bouisson's insulting speech was not an unworthy one—it was a reply which showed that the Chamber had had enough of the Doumergue type of oratory.

Laval, who addressed the Chamber: "Vous êtes les dignes représentants du peuple," showed a far better sense of psychology, and his emergency powers Bill was carried by a large majority. This Bill was essentially the same as Flandin's and Bouisson's, and Laval's superior platform manner does not, of course, fully explain the Chamber's change of mind.

Between the fall of the Bouisson Cabinet and the formation of the Laval Cabinet there were two developments which deserve to be noted. On the initiative of the Communists, who proposed the formation of an anti-Fascist coalition, the Left Wing Radicals approached the Socialists with a view to forming such a Government. The Socialists laid down a number of conditions which they knew in advance to be unacceptable; for they held that the time was not ripe for a Left Wing Government. The Left, according to them, must not take upon themselves the responsibility for devaluation. The time for a Left Wing Government, with a constructive economic programme, would come after devaluation had become an accomplished fact—but not before. If seventy-two of the Left Wing Radicals abstained from voting against Laval it was largely because they wished to give Laval a chance (as one of them put it) "to show finally and conclusively that the policy of deflation was no good."

The other interesting event on Friday was M. Piétri's failure to form a Cabinet. The compromise he reached with the Radicals was vetoed by the Bank of France, which declared that it would starve out the Treasury unless the Government obtained from the Chamber full powers for a programme of deflation. Anyone who may think this a Communist libel on the Bank of France should refer to last Saturday's *Echo de Paris*, which tells the whole story of the Bank's ultimatum.

This last Cabinet crisis has at least achieved one very important thing: it has shown up the Bank of France in its

true colours. It has shown that the Regency Council of the Bank, with its De Wendel and other members of the Comité des Forges, is in a position to dictate its policy to the Government of the Republic. The stormy cheering from nearly two-thirds of the House with which, on Friday night, Marcel Déat's speech denouncing the activities of the Regency Council of the Bank was received, showed that the revolt against the occult pressure of high finance was not limited to the Socialists and Communists. The revelations about the Bank of France have greatly impressed public opinion. It remains to be seen whether the Laval Government will be the obedient servant of the Bank, or whether it will have the courage to enforce a different credit policy—the policy advocated in the past by M. Flandin, and one which alone has a chance of saving France from devaluation, or, at any rate, of allowing her to hold out until an alignment of currencies becomes possible.

One of the most remarkable features of the past crisis has been the Chamber's refusal to be intimidated by the Fascist leagues (which could certainly have stirred up some anti-parliamentary feeling in Paris after the fall of the Bouisson Government) and the extraordinary inactivity of these Leagues. When the crisis was at its height the Croix de Feu held a "monster" meeting, not in Paris, but at Cambrai! Torn by internal dissensions, they are losing ground rapidly. After their failure to "do anything" this time, even the most anti-parliamentary elements in Paris must have lost much faith in the Croix de Feu. They agree with the Croix de Feu man who was expelled for describing La Rocque as "a zero," and for suggesting that the thumb and forefinger rounded into a zero should become the organisation's official salute!

Except for a little nervousness on the boulevards on Friday night, before Laval had succeeded in forming his Government, Paris was perfectly quiet throughout the crisis. It was an odd experience for anyone sipping his *bock* in a Paris café that week to survey the panoramic headlines in some of our London papers describing Paris as an armed camp, and telling hair-raising stories about large crowds shouting "Down with the Deputies!" in front of the Chamber. I was at the Chamber from 2 p.m. to 2 a.m. on the day in question, and I must have been blind and deaf, for I neither saw nor heard anything of the kind. I have often wondered about the true purpose of misrepresenting France as being in a state of latent civil war and the Republic as being on its last legs. Is it sensationalism at any price, or is there something deeper in all these stories?

PARIS, JUNE 11*th*. ALEXANDER WERTH

A WEEKLY DIARY

IN the old quiet days I used sometimes to wonder what it would have felt like to live through the Reign of Terror. Nowadays one knows the answer: most people probably never noticed that it was going on. From reading history, one thinks of it as it affected those who were guillotined, or narrowly escaped that fate. But even at that time most people must have gone on with their daily work, without paying much attention to politics; and although the ferocious men held power, the majority, no doubt, deplored their excesses, in so far as they knew of them. I met lately a friend just returned from Germany, where he had spent two years teaching in school. Although he knew, from English newspapers, what was going on, he saw nothing of it; and of course his German friends, even those who were Nazis, knew less than he did. All the better sort, he said, deplored the virulence of anti-Semitism, and expected it to die down. In school, a Nazi boy would have no objection to sharing a desk with a Jewish boy. Whatever one might think of their politics, he found that as large a proportion of individuals were likeable as in England. In this there is no reason for surprise. Politically minded Indians have a similar experience when they come to this country and find that we are not all brutal tyrants.

It is easy to go to Germany or Russia without seeing anything of the terrorism which exists in both countries, and it is easy to imagine that it cannot exist, or cannot be very bad, if it is not obvious. But naturally no government, and no private enterprise, wishes its cruelties to be obvious. We all know that vast numbers of sheep and oxen are daily slaughtered for our pleasure, but we do not see this happening. If it were to the interest of a despotic government to pretend that the meat we eat comes from animals that have died a natural death, innumerable tourists would come forward to say that they had never seen an animal killed for food. If the sheep and oxen could speak, one of them might occasionally escape and describe the shambles, but would be condemned as hysterical. We profit by sufferings which we would not ourselves inflict. One can neither deny atrocities, nor assume that nations which tolerate them must be composed of men and women who are individually odious.

* * *

It is curious that the United States used to be regarded as controversially as Russia is now: progressive people praised the country up to the skies, while reactionaries were never weary of abusing it. Americans very naturally resented such books as those of Captain Basil Hall and Mrs. Trollope (mother of the novelist), which harped endlessly on spitting and chewing tobacco. Although slavery was used in the indictment of America, English anti-Americans took the side of the South in the Civil War; pro-Americans, with equal ardour, took the side of the North. My parents belonged to the latter party, and after a visit to America in 1867 they shocked Society by their admiration of the Yankees. In a letter written in 1872, my mother relates a meeting with the Duchess of Cambridge at the White Lodge (where Queen Mary's parents lived). The Duchess received her by saying: "I know you, you are the daughter-in-law, but now I hear you only like dirty people and dirty Americans. All London is full of it; all the clubs are talking of it. I must look at your petticoats to see if they are dirty." My mother, in writing about the incident, said: "I only laughed and said I was not aware that dirt was my spécialité. She only reiterated loudly the same thing and said she was surprised I would shake hands with such a good old Tory. The joke about the petticoats was repeated several times and begun again at tea." Her mother replied comfortingly that the Duchess always was ill-bred.

* * *

I am glad that the state of affairs in Northern Ireland is being investigated and brought to public notice by the National Council for Civil Liberties. Under two Acts, passed in 1922 and 1933, the "loyal" portion of Ireland has placed the life and liberty of its citizens at the mercy of the Home Minister and his police. These Acts give the police power to arrest on suspicion, and to keep persons so arrested in prison without a trial for as long as the authorities may desire. Any policeman may recommend internment, which also may be continued indefinitely without trial. Persons imprisoned or interned may be denied access, either in person or by letter, to friends and legal advisers. The death penalty, which in Great Britain can be inflicted only for murder or treason, can, in Northern Ireland, be also inflicted for certain other crimes, and when it has been inflicted the police have the sinister right of refusing to allow an inquest. A more thorough-going police tyranny could hardly be imagined. It is clear that those who live under it cannot agitate against it, since the police can intern or imprison the agitators, even if their activities are in no way contrary to law.

All who value what remains of political liberty, and even all progressively minded persons who do not wish to end their days in a concentration camp, should support the National Council for Civil Liberties in its campaign on this matter. For what has been done on a small scale in Ulster may, if it succeeds, be tried on a larger scale in England and Scotland. Already the police inspire an alarming degree of awe. Several wage-earners whom I asked, last year, to sign a petition against the Incitement to Disaffection Bill refused on the ground that the police would get you if they wanted you. They obviously

dreaded the consequences to themselves of any political action that the police might resent. The experience of many countries shows that the police, unless checked by a strong public opinion, easily come to feel themselves above the law; and their law-breaking is not likely to further any cause that Socialists have at heart.

* * *

Personal freedom, which is now less valued than when it was a recent acquisition, existed only for the rich until very modern times. (I am speaking of legal freedom, for economic freedom, of course, has never existed except for the rich.) I have come across an invaluable work called "The Lawes Resolutions of Womens Rights: or, The Lawes Provision for Wo∈men," published in 1632, which is full of astonishing things. Take the following, for example:

> By a Statute made 5 Eliz. ca. 4. Two Justices of the Peace in the Countrie, or the head officer & 2. Burgesses in Cities, etc. may appoint any woman of the age of twelve yeares, and under 40. being unmaried, & out of service, to serve & bee retained by yeare, weeke, or day, in such sort & for such wages as they shall thinke meet, & if she refuse, they may commit her to prison, till she shall be bound to serve.

I do not know when this statute was repealed.

Some of the questions discussed in this book are more curious than important. I should hardly suppose that the following point often arises in legal practice:

> If a man die seized, leaving 3. children which bee all Hermaphrodites, whether the eldest shall have all his land, or that it be partable as among coheires. Also if the eldest bee a Hermaphrodite, & the other 2. faire young Virgins which way setteth the discent.

He is puzzled because "of Hermaphrodites I have some kind of doubts, not whether they bee persons, but what persons they bee." But in the end, after quoting Bracton, he decides that they can inherit. His chapter on the subject is short, and at the beginning of his book; it concludes:

> If I were to furnish myselfe a house, I would place no picture or Image in any parlour, dining or bed-chamber, but it should be of good seemely & natural proportion, Satyres & Centaures should come no nearer than the post at my doore. And at the threshold of this my treatise, or as it were a little behind the doore: I will leave these deformed Children of Mercury, or Venus, suffering them to enter no further.

All Christian centuries before the nineteenth were much interested in hermaphrodites and monsters, because they raised difficult casuistical and theological problems. Nowadays we have less innocent things to think of.

BERTRAND RUSSELL

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. J. E. Jackson.
All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Manchester is to entertain a host of Rechabites in connection with the centenary of the Independent Order of Rechabites, which was founded in Salford in 1835. Out of respect for the views of the visitors, all licensed premises in the grounds of Bellevue will be closed, and every liquor advertisement will be covered up.—*Times.*

Children are following the lead of their parents in a return to simple country amusements. Hay-making, with hay specially imported from the country for the purpose, and laid down on the lawns of Admiral's House, the Grove, is to be one of the chief features of a children's party to be held at Lady Glenconner's Hampstead home on June 22nd.—*Daily Telegraph.*

America and England together could boss the World very comfortably. And in any very great national emergency America and England will always stand together, because all the people in America who really matter are English or Scots, barring a few Germans and Scandinavians and Dutch, who after all are the same family.—*Aeroplane.*

At Grosvenor House last evening some of Society's leading lights paraded wearing over half-a-million's worth of jewels, to persuade other people to buy tickets to look at them, the ultimate object being to help endow a fine experiment in treating tuberculosis, the Papworth Village Settlement.

The ornaments of one of these lovely ladies would have endowed the place for life.—*Star.*

The prize-winner at a baby show at Abbey Wood had a complete representation of the Crown of England on its back.—*Daily Telegraph.*

An apple tree grown from the pip of an apple the Kaiser ate in 1912 has just blossomed for the first time in Sussex.

By 1914 it was six inches high, but it remained the same height all through the war, and only started to grow again in 1918.—*Sunday Express.*

MRS. RATTENBURY'S PRISON SONG.
Full Words and Music only in the
SUNDAY GRAPHIC.
—placard for the *Sunday Graphic.*

LOANS TO LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT]

THE practices of the furniture and drapery "tallyman," described in the article "Provident Cheques," fade into insignificance beside those of his elder brother, the suburban moneylender. I have just left the service of one of these firms after having been employed as a collector for three years, and I am able to describe at first-hand the iniquities practised with complete immunity from any interference on the part of the law.

In almost any busy shopping thoroughfare in Greater London you will observe one or more of these moneylender's tempting signs swinging from an upper window. The emphasis on ladies as well as gentlemen refers to their practice of lending money to married women without the knowledge of their husbands. This, of course, is one of their main classes of business, the capacity of a married woman for paying a debt, the revelation of which to her husband might well mean the breaking up of her married life, being well-nigh inexhaustible. Indeed, on two occasions during the period for which I worked as a collector, women clients of ours revealed their indebtedness when rescued at the last moment from the gas oven. These were only two outstanding cases, however, among hundreds of women who were literally starving themselves and their families to repay the high weekly instalment demanded of them.

My principals were, of course, equally glad to accommodate married men without the knowledge of their wives. The man who has gambled or spent on another woman the best part of his salary, is almost as good a business proposition as the extravagant wife, especially when, as often happens, he holds a responsible position in the Civil Service or the police force or a bank where any suspicion of pecuniary embarrassment would mean his ruin.

However, this eagerness to deal with clients in such circumstances that their repayments are almost certain might be excused as legitimate business enterprise, were it not for the almost incredible measures taken against those whose instalments fall even a few days overdue. In the case of the wife, she is subjected to a continual stream of callers at her house, instructed to "play hell" (or to "knock the door down" if she is out), who shout, bully and threaten exposure if the instalment is not paid immediately; letters, registered letters and telegrams are also sent to terrify the unfortunate woman into raking up the money somehow; in one case the collector even accompanied a woman to a pawnshop while she pledged the blankets off her bed to raise a few shillings to pay him. Similarly, the technique for the male defaulter is a fusillade of telephone calls to him at his place of business, collectors hanging round outside his works (in the case of a policeman, often approaching him on point duty) and outside his home address, threatening again instant exposure in default of payment.

Rather than face such treatment, it is not difficult to imagine

that most people manage to pay regularly by hook or by crook, and even pay the exorbitant and often illegal interest demanded without a murmur.

Not the least interesting aspect of these moneylenders' activities is the ease with which they evade the provisions of the Act of 1927 designed to restrict such usury. The Act restricts the amount of interest chargeable to 48 per cent. per annum (a generous enough restriction indeed), and it is faithfully observed by such loan offices in all but one particular—they conveniently overlook the suffix "per annum"! Certainly they only charge 48 per cent., but usually for about ten or twelve weeks, which on a yearly basis works out at a colossal interest.

When, in addition to this, the interest is also accommodated on the iniquitous "reloan" system, it becomes almost incalculable. The system works as follows:

> A client borrows £1, is charged 9*s.* interest on it and 2*s.* 6*d.* a week is fixed as the repayment instalment. At the end of, say, six weeks, 15*s.* has been paid and the lender offers a reloan. That most impecunious people accept goes without saying, and so the balance owing, i.e., 14*s.* on the total bill of £1 9*s.*, is deducted from the new loan of £1 and the borrower takes the balance of 6*s.* in cash, having signed a new note for £1 9*s.*!

Many borrowers go on doing this regularly for years, the actual cash sum received by them often being almost incredible. People desperate for money sign notes for £20 or £30 and receive a few shillings in exchange. Moreover, as having a reloan usually means postponement of the payment of the new instalment for a fortnight or so, many clients take it to gain a brief respite from the heavy weekly repayments which are demanded.

These repayments are based on the standard of 2*s.* 6*d.* or 3*s.* per pound per week. Thus for a mere fiver one repays 12*s.* 6*d.* or 15*s.* per week, and for ten or twenty pounds such enormous instalments as 30*s.* and 50*s.* weekly are quite usual. The effect of such repayments on the average moderate income can be well imagined; often they consist of over 50 per cent. of a man's wages, with the result that he becomes inextricably in arrears with his rent and ordinary tradesmen and is forced to go on having reloans continually to keep his head above water. A year or two ago a man in an official position who had been one of our clients was found one morning with his throat cut. His wife and relatives subsequently discovered that of his £3 10*s.* salary, £2 was being repaid to us and that, having reached the end of his tether, the wretched man had committed suicide rather than face the risk of exposure. It is significant that even in such an extreme case the man's relatives preferred to hush up the circumstances preceding his death rather than reveal his association with moneylenders by publicly exposing my employers.

This ingrained fear of disgrace is the secret of such firms' success and freedom from prosecution. Very few respectable suburban householders would care to admit publicly in the witness-box their indebtedness to moneylenders. At the same time, since the procedure of such usurers is so closely akin to blackmail, I do not see why the law forbidding the publication of a blackmailed person's name should not be extended to such witnesses.

In any case, the blindness of the law's eye as regards moneylenders' activities is almost incredible. The only prosecutions instituted are those directed against unlicensed lenders, the Government's interest in these, being, of course, that it has been done out of £15 revenue. As long as this substantial sop is thrown to Cerberus, one can apparently be as usurious as one likes without fear of let or hindrance from the police.

The annual relicensing ceremony is a ridiculous farce. The applicant appears in court after filling in an application form, is asked by the presiding magistrate what interest he intends to charge, and having replied in the formula prescribed, "48 per cent. per annum," his word is at once taken as gospel truth by all concerned; no inquiry is ever made by the police prior to the application as to what interest really is charged, nor is any other difficulty placed in the way of the intending usurer so long as his £15 licence fee is paid.

I heartily dislike the system of *agents provocateurs*, but since it has been used on soft-hearted shopkeepers tempted into serving after hours, I do not see why it should not be extended to the activities of stony-hearted moneylenders, particularly as so many members of the force are already aware, from their personal association with such firms, of the iniquitous interest charged.

A sharp tightening-up of the regulations relating to moneylending is long overdue. It is a very serious indictment of the keepers of our law that its provisions in such an instance are disregarded so lightly.

THIS FREEDOM

MR. CHESTERTON, speaking on the wireless on Tuesday night on behalf of the common man, declared that "liberty is most nearly destroyed in non-Catholic countries like America and Prussia and England. By this time," he added, "the Protestant States were far less free than the Catholic States, even those that had fallen under the dictatorships that openly denied freedom."

His method of proving his point is an interesting one. He asks himself—and his hearers—what the common man really wants to do, and he answers that the things the common man most wants to do are things like owning his shop, drinking beer, and backing horses. He then inquires whether the common man is freer to do these things in Catholic or in non-Catholic countries, and he decides that he is freer to do them in Catholic countries, even under a dictatorship. As for liberty in Protestant countries, "post-Reformation liberty means simply this: anybody may write a pamphlet, anybody may edit a paper, anybody may found a sect." And these happen to be the very things the common man has no desire to do. "How many human beings," asks Mr. Chesterton, "want to found sects, or to write pamphlets, or to lead parties?" In this cheerful way he dismisses freedom of speech, freedom of election, and such things, as the luxuries of a minority, in comparison with shop-owning, beer-drinking and betting which bring joy into every home.

Having grown up in a city in which life seemed at times to be one long argument about Protestantism and Catholicism, I never wish to take part in such a controversy again; and, if I can suppress my inborn sectarianism, I will not say a word about any religion, good or bad, in this article, but will confine myself to inquiring how far Mr. Chesterton is right in his interpretation of the wants of the common man. Is it true that the common man, if he were offered the choice between freedom of speech and the right to drink beer between three and six in the afternoon, would choose the right to drink beer? I doubt it. I do not believe that between the hours of three and six—or, at least, between the hours of three and five—the common man has the slightest desire for beer. I am entirely on Mr. Chesterton's side in his demand for the reopening of the public-houses in the afternoon. I am convinced that if they are reopened Mr. Chesterton may occasionally be there and I may occasionally be there, but the common man will hardly ever be there. If Mr. Chesterton will make a pilgrimage round the public-houses in the London suburbs during the morning session, or rather the morning stance, he will find the common man evacuating them even before half-past two. The common man is a morning drinker and an evening drinker, but he is not an afternoon drinker. If I plead for the opening of the public-houses in the afternoon, I do so, not on behalf of the common man, but on behalf of the beer-conscious minority who may be thirsty in the course of a country walk or may be weary for a seat and the sight of a tankard on a hot afternoon in the heart of a strange city. Beer is one of the rural amenities of England, and the Society for the Preservation of Rural Amenities would do well to insist that the inns, like Box Hill and the New Forest, should be open to the public at all hours of the day.

The truth is, it is the plain man, no less than the Government, who is responsible for the closing of the public-houses in the afternoon. If the plain man wanted afternoon beer as passionately as a large number of women on the eve of the war wanted votes, he could get it within twelve months. I doubt, however, whether you could even organise a successful Hyde Park meeting on behalf of the afternoon opening of public-houses. There are not many Communists in England, but there are more Communists than afternoon drinkers: at least, the Communists care more about Communism than the afternoon drinkers care about afternoon drinking. That is why the very publicans are opposed to afternoon opening. I heard the charming proprietress of a public-house some time ago declaiming against the "busybodies" who wanted to keep public-houses open all day. "What do they take us for—slaves?" she asked. "If we kept open after three, the place would be empty. One old gentleman would toddle in, order a bitter, and sit down and fall asleep beside it over his paper; and that's all the profit we'd make for an afternoon's work." The closing of the public-houses in the afternoon has sometimes been represented as the work of Puritanism. It seems to me, however, much more like an anti-Puritan trick. If Puritans had been in control, they would have shut the public-houses during the hours in which everybody wanted to drink, and left them open during the hours in which nobody wanted to drink. But the plain Englishman, being free to say the thing he will and having the power to intimidate candidates for Parliament by threatening to withhold his vote, has prevented that. The Englishman's freedom of speech and freedom of election have so far saved his country from the ignominy of Prohibition or of that disguised form of Prohibition known as Local Option.

Freedom of speech, indeed, means much more than the right of anybody who likes to edit a paper or to lead a party. It means the right of every man to say what is uppermost in his mind, and so to help in creating that powerful force, public opinion. Even dictators appreciate the power of public opinion and do their utmost to break up every centre of public opinion hostile to themselves. They dare not allow men to talk freely, because they know that, if men talked freely, they would be half-way towards winning their freedom. The suppression of free speech does not interfere only with editors and pamphleteers. It puts a chain on the lips of the common man sitting in the tavern or even in his home. He must be careful not only to say nothing that reflects on the authorities but to say nothing that may be misrepresented as a reflection on the authorities. The plain man cherishes his right to grumble as ardently as his right to drink beer; and he feels a prisoner if he has to grumble in whispers or keep silent lest he may be informed upon by a spy and sent to a concentration camp, leaving his wife and children in penury. The suppression of free speech means life in a world of spies—in the business-house, in the railway train, in the tavern, in the home. That is one reason why the plain man has in so many generations preferred political freedom even to the freedom to drink or to bet. For political freedom the plain man has again and again shown his willingness to die. For freedom to drink in the afternoon or to bet with a ready-money bookmaker off the racecourse, no one but an eccentric would be willing to die.

There is only one form of freedom applauded by Mr. Chesterton, indeed, for which the plain man has ever been ready to die—the freedom to own one's own shop; and in that case the shop was usually a farm. The plain men of Ireland certainly fought bitterly for possession of their homesteads; but, even so, they do not to-day worship the memories of their agrarian leaders as they worship the memories of the leaders who fought for political freedom, such as Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet. The common man may not be much of an idealist, but he instinctively feels that political freedom is one of the greatest instruments yet devised for increasing the happiness of his children and grandchildren. Freedom to enjoy one's self is a desirable thing; but freedom creates a world in which more people will have a chance of enjoying themselves is a better. I cannot believe that those common men, the Todpuddle Martyrs, would have risked being sent to the far end of the world as convicts merely in order to vindicate their right to drink beer at half-past three or to pass betting-slips to a street bookmaker.

Hence I conclude that Mr. Chesterton is the spokesman of the minor wishes, not of the major wishes, of the common man, and that at times he is not the spokesman of the wishes of the common man at all, but only of a long-suffering minority. At the same time, he is right in castigating Governments for useless interferences with the pleasures of the people. I, for one, should like to see betting-shops opened in London as in Dublin and national lotteries instituted. But I should not like this to happen at the price of losing my right to say to a friend in a restaurant exactly what I think of Mr. Neville Chamberlain or my right to vote (though no vote of mine has ever in all my life helped a candidate to success). It is better to be harried by the police for putting a shilling on a horse in a free country than to back a loser with the approval of the police under a dictatorship. Y. Y.

Correspondence

THE C. IN Y.M.C.A.

SIR,—It is a little surprising that Mr. John van Druten and your correspondent Boanerges, who evidently pride themselves on being enlightened and intellectual, should pass sweeping judgments on the Y.M.C.A., the one on the strength of a single Sunday afternoon at a rally in a seaside resort, and the other on the strength of a winter residence in a small country town which he describes as a stronghold of reaction. Such rash generalisations make one wonder whether a blind prejudice against religion may not be more effective than the religious element itself in discouraging any fair use of one's critical powers.

Actually, Mr. John van Druten wrote to air two prejudices about the Y.M.C.A. which found no support in his experience as he himself described it. These two prejudices are dislike of the sex-morality inculcated by the Y.M.C.A., and the conviction that the C. in Y.M.C.A. stands for stupidity.

"The morality that speaks of a normal but non-conjugal sex-impulse as a vile or bestial appetite is the morality of the 'Young Men's Rally.'" How does Mr. van Druten know this? He has not justified it by his summary of the address he heard. And what does Mr. van Druten mean by "a normal but non-conjugal sex-impulse"? If he means that such impulses are natural and not in themselves vile or bestial, I should suppose most Y.M.C.A. secretaries and leaders would agree with him. If he means that such impulses should normally be indulged and satisfied, no Y.M.C.A. leader would agree with him. The more thoughtful of the leaders in the Y.M.C.A. to-day would disagree emphatically with Mr. van Druten, not because they have not read H. G. Wells, Bertrand Russell and Aldous Huxley, but because they have. It is time we disabused our minds of the illusion that the good life consists in the satisfaction of instincts. Any morality must inculcate some control of sex-impulse, and can be misrepresented and repudiated as at variance with instinct. If humanists imagine that there is no need for self-control or for a standard in sex-relations, they are living in a fool's paradise. Sooner or later they must recognise the necessity of drawing the line somewhere. The Y.M.C.A. maintains the principle of chivalry, the principle of regarding every woman with a reverence a son entertains for his mother, or the respect a brother entertains for a sister. Mr. van Druten sneers at this principle as conventional. What unconventional principle is truer and better? In any case, those who consciously and loyally accept this principle will not find the resultant morality open to any of the wild charges which Mr. van Druten brings against it.

As to the supposed connection between the C. in Y.M.C.A. with ignorance or obscurantism, Mr. van Druten and Boanerges are evidently quite unaware of the considerable educational activities of the Y.M.C.A. since the war. Mr. van Druten assumes that these activities are non-existent, and Boanerges judges them by the limited possibilities of a small country town, where the local leader had probably a much shrewder judgment than

Boanerges as to the needs of his own *clientèle*. But it never occurs to Mr. van Druten that if the C. be dropped from Y.M.C.A. some other more dogmatic, less tolerant faith, Communist or Fascist, will take its place. For myself, I am persuaded that on the maintenance of the religious element known as C. depends the future of intellectual and spiritual liberty. So I would suggest to Mr. van Druten that he keep a hold of nurse, for fear of finding something worse.

HERBERT G. WOOD

Woodbrooke, Selly Oak,
Birmingham.

CIVIL LIBERTY AND THE "BLACKOUT"

SIR,—The National Council for Civil Liberties desires to draw attention to certain aspects of the "blackouts" which the Government are organising in various coastal and other towns.

The policy of extinguishing street lighting is dangerous both to passers-by and to householders for the very reasons for which street lighting was originally provided, while the instructions given to motorists by police and service officers to switch off headlights in already darkened streets adds considerably to the risk of street accidents.

The Council has decided to ascertain the legal aspect of both these points and will immediately take whatever action is considered necessary in the interests of the preservation of civil liberties.

On the larger issue, as to the efficacy of this form of air-raid protection, the Council is awaiting the results of inquiries which are being pursued by various organisations before declaring its view as to whether the "blackout" principle is a genuine attempt to protect the civil population under aerial warfare, or whether it is designed as propaganda for the creation of support for armament expansion.

Finally, the Council contends that whatever precautionary rehearsals are deemed necessary should be fully discussed and sanctioned by Parliament. In the meantime, the public should realise that the authorities have no power to enforce compliance with these rehearsals and any attempt to compel such compliance should be at once reported to us.

RONALD KIDD
Secretary.

National Council for Civil Liberties,
99a Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

"WE SPEAK FOR THE SILENT"

SIR,—The letter from Miss Cicely Craven, published under this title in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION some weeks ago, must have aroused a great deal of sympathy for the cause of penal reform. Anyone who gives the matter serious thought must agree that a universal "irreducible minimum" in prison conditions is not only desirable but a necessary part of progress in civilisation. It seems to me, however, that there are two problems confronting those who desire the establishment of such a minimum:

(*a*) If a minimum is established, it must be through an international body, preferably the League of Nations. But, since pronouncements of the League can only affect nations belonging to that body, the large majority of nations known to be the worst offenders in penal conditions (e.g., Germany, Japan and some states of the U.S.A.) would remain untouched. Indeed, of all the chief sufferers under scandalous penal codes, only the political prisoners of Russia and Italy could hope for alleviation.

(*b*) The enforcement of a generally recognised minimum in penal conditions seems to me almost wholly impracticable. It is common knowledge that, during the war, a body of neutrals was supposed to inspect the conditions of prisoners of war: it is also well known that, though that body undoubtedly carried out its duties to the best of its ability, there were still disgraceful scandals in the treatment of prisoners held by all belligerent nations. I cannot see that it is likely that a similar body could deal more effectively with individual nations to-day than it did then. For instance, we know that the use of torture in prisons is illegal in the United States: and we know that in certain States the "third degree," with its rubber truncheons and dentists' drills, is openly used to extort "confessions." The treatment of convicts in certain prisons is an open scandal. If national laws are thus openly flouted, how can one expect that the laws made by an external international body will be observed?

If the Howard League for Penal Reform has any plan (*a*) by which nations not members of the League of Nations could benefit by the establishment of an international penal code, (*b*) by which such a code could be made genuinely operative in nations accepting it, not only I, but many of my friends who are interested in the question of penal reform would be glad to hear of it.

DIMIAS

RIBBON DEVELOPMENT

SIR,—It may interest Mr. Drury to know that a valuation of the country is being built up based, not on hypothetical figures, but on the amounts naturally realised by sale. Particulars of every sale have to be supplied, and these, in due course, find their way to the Valuation Department. There has been a gap, as the Tories naturally revoked the necessity for supplying particulars of sale. But I suppose that the information proved so invaluable for taxation and other purposes that it has now been restored.

H. H. STOCKDALE ROSS

Horley, Surrey.

ENGLISH HOTELS

SIR,—I read your correspondent's remarks on *Hotels and the Motorist* immediately after paying the bill at the principal hotel in what I like to consider our principal University city. Certainly the hotel had not been bad; but even its architectural resemblance to a cathedral need not make anyone reverent about it. Into the bargain, at 28*s*. a night, bed and breakfast for two, any hotel should be good.

No running water, no curtains, and a consequent choice between flapping blinds and suffocation; no lamp by the beds; a table by one bed only: these, surely, are details which it should not be thought un-English to remedy. Why, too, should a harassed maid have to bring breakfasts up from the kitchen as well as attend to visitors? Why, in consequence, must I ring and ring in vain, only to be reproached, after ten minutes, for my unkindness? Must I only dine between 7 and 8? Must I obtain any drink, but no sandwich, at midnight? Must my room be centre-lit by naked bulbs?

These are twopenny-ha'penny complaints, but they go to show an irritating inattention to detail. After all, a hotel which is frankly bad is frankly bad; and one makes the best of it. But when a hotel-keeper can give me a good bed and clean linen it is inexcusable for him to rest on his laurels. Could not a system of inspection be devised, as in another backward country, Portugal—the husk mattresses of the Algarve might still warm the hearts of a few publicans at home—by which all hotels are graded, and liable to promotion or degradation according to the discoveries of authorised, and unheralded, inspectors?

ALAN PRYCE-JONES

5 Portland Place, W.1.

THE PAYMENT OF SEAMEN

SIR,—In a letter to the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION I wrote that it is not widely known that heavily subsidised British shipowners also receive and have received for years what amounts to a further extremely heavy subsidy from the Unemployment Insurance Fund. Shipowners pay seamen not a standing wage but by trip only, putting the men ashore when no longer required to be maintained until required again not, as one would naturally expect, by shipowners themselves, but by the Unemployment Insurance Fund (started *after* the Merchant Shipping Act). To many this appears as a gross misuse of the Fund and puts an unnecessarily heavy strain upon it. The Fund was never intended to function this way at all, and to quote the words of the authors of the Merseyside Social Survey, "*it may indeed be regarded as a supplement to wages.*"

"Exaggeration," "inaccuracy," "distortion" is how this is described by the Hon. Rachel Caulfeild who in a disguised defence of shipowners denies they are *heavily* subsidised, declaring erroneously that they receive a mere £2,000,000 subsidy. Of course, it all depends upon what you mean by the word "heavily." But the facts are these:

Of the nearly sixty millions National Government doles to industry since 1932 (State aid, assistance, or subsidies, whichever you prefer) shipowners have received or will receive the following: Cunard-White Star Merger Company, £9,500,000 (£4,500,000 for s.s. *Queen Mary*); tramp shipping from January, 1935, £2,000,000; advances for scrapping of tonnage, £2,000,000. It is, moreover, estimated that advances for tonnage scrapping on certain conditions may go up to £10,000,000.

As regards the heavy disguised subsidy from the Unemployment Insurance Fund which shipowners have enjoyed for years ever since the Fund's inception, I haven't calculated the amount, but anybody interested can write to the Ministry of Labour for exact figures. It would be a staggering sum.

If it be denied that this is a subsidy, then the Hon. R. Caulfeild had better take the matter up not with me, but with the authors

of the Merseyside Liverpool University Social Survey, who rightly declare that: "*It is not generally realised to what a large extent the shipping industry is subsidised in this way out of the Unemployment Insurance Fund.*"

The misuse of this Fund by shipowners who now receive additional subsidies contrasts badly with the savage treatment of seasonal workers under the Unemployment Act and those unemployed who for technical reasons are deprived of benefit and imprisoned for wrongfully obtaining it under the Means Test. This is important in view of the drastic economies achieved at the cost of the unemployed and the present position of the Unemployment Insurance Fund and the Unemployment Assistance Board.

Naturally, like the Hon. R. Caulfeild, who professes the same end, most people directly connected with shipping are working for the smashing of the Merchant Shipping Acts and for a searching and long overdue inquiry into the whole shipping industry. But that should not lead us into false sympathy with shipowners whose actions under the existing Acts are bad enough; whose war record of immense profits is followed by a post-war record of squandered millions, orgies of over-capitalisation and gross intransigence; whose officers are the lowest paid of almost any country in the world; and whose general conditions of service afloat have been denounced by one well-known Admiral as "a disgrace to a civilised nation."

KENNETH BRADSHAW

EARTHQUAKES

SIR,—One wonders how far Bertrand Russell's view that "The West . . . though it would have agreed with Mr. Gandhi five hundred years ago that 'calamities such as the Bihar earthquake come to mankind as a chastisement for their sins,' can now only feel an antiquarian pleasure in such a survival of the past" is correct.

How many or how few there may be who would agree with Mr. Gandhi to-day I am not in a position to assume, but one has only to turn to Voltaire's poem on the Lisbon earthquake in 1755 to realise that less than two hundred years ago such a belief was fairly general.

> Comment concevoir un Dieu, la bonté même,
> Qui prodigua ses biens à ses enfants qu'il aime,
> Et qui versa sur eux les maux à pleines mains?
> Quel oeil peut pénétrer dans ses profonds desseins,
> De l'être tout parfait le mal ne pouvait maître! . . .
> Quelle crime, qu'elle faute ont commis ces enfans
> Sur le sein maternal écrasés et sanglans?
> Lisbonne qui n'est plus, eut elle plus de vices
> Que Londres, que Paris, plongés dans les délices?
> Lisbonne est abimée et l'on danse à Paris.

And as late as 1909 a poem written by Mrs. Meynell on the occasion of the Messina earthquake beginning "Lord, Thou hast crushed Thy tender ones; o'erthrown Thy strong, Thy fair . . ." beautiful as its poetic diction undoubtedly is, in its strange curiously medieval reasoning which strives to identify and at one and the same time reconcile Destroyer and Healer makes one long to exclaim—again with Voltaire—"O tristes vérités! O mélanges étonnantes de contrariétés!" Is the West as rational as some of us would fain believe? Or, on the contrary, is irrationality one of the root causes of all our troubles?

Freshwater Bay, Isle of Wight. BEATRICE O'CONOR

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—It was curious to find in your paper, Mr. Raymond Mortimer enjoying himself by taking a dig at the public school system. After all it is so very easy! The stock joke of to-day is "the old school tie," and like "the bloomers" of the Victorian music hall comedian, always guaranteed to raise a laugh from the unintelligent.

Mr. Mortimer does not seem to have progressed in the last few years. He writes—and do we hear a sob in his throat as he writes it?—of "the demoralising privilege of beating small boys." Vivid in his mind's eye is the picture of large, hairy prefects, oversexed and sadistic, brandishing thick sticks over cowering, neurotic, adolescents! We had always believed that only elderly virgins with pronounced mother instincts and American clergymen, still held this point of view. It smacks of the mawkishness of the early nineteen-twenties, a period of reaction after the war.

The way Mr. Raymond Mortimer throws out his generalisations, without attempting to back them up, is pitiable, if it were not so comic. "Most boys have natural curiosity, and this is not fed but stifled in the Public School," he rants. Can it be that the author of this criticism has not been to a Public School? If he had, then he must have felt the interest taken in him by the masters. Schoolmastering has, by some freak, been called a profession It is not, it is a vocation. The schoolmaster's interest in a boy does not end with the finish of a period of work, it goes on during his hours of relaxation and even when he has left the school. It is the personality of those who taught him which brings a man back to his school, not the sentimental attachment to "the old college close." The Public School is perhaps the only institution which is trying to instil a little idealism into the worldly citizens of England. In this money-grabbing civilisation of to-day, some illusions are necessary to make people desire to live at all. And despite Mr. Mortimer's sweeping assertations, the generation at school to-day does not find its aesthetic and intellectual pleasures quashed by the hearty athletic minority. The Public Schools are the greatest upholders of tradition, and only a Communist would wish to throw away all that tradition can give and has given. T. S. Eliot says in his *Primer of Modern Heresy*; "Tradition by itself is not enough; it must be perpetually criticised. . . ." With this we agree. But criticism, to have any use, must be constructive not destructive.

And lastly, and we hope that we speak for many boys, it is our opinion that we at school to-day are not Tory; for that implies a distrust of reform. Nor are we Socialists; for that is sheer sentimentality. Nor are we Communists; because we want to retain some individuality. But we are Liberals, if you want a label to stick on to us, desiring a gradual reform of present-day systems, and tolerance in all things.

The Park, Harrow. P. W. STUART and W. G. ROOKES

CRUELTY TO CAGED BIRDS

SIR,—Can nothing be done to prohibit the traffic in small birds now being carried on in British and Portuguese East Africa? Since the birds can be obtained cheaply, and sold for high prices in Europe, the traffic is growing.

Quite apart from the cruelty involved in the capture of these birds by Negroes and Arab traders, and the high mortality during the voyage, especially when colder latitudes are reached, the question is one of economic importance. Many of the birds captured and brought to Europe (each successful capture representing many birds injured by rough handling and unskilful trapping) belong to species that either destroy "hoppers" (immature Locusts), winged Termites, or the larvae of mosquitoes. We are unlikely to fight successfully malaria and the plagues of locusts that ravage the Rhodesias and Southern Africa while we permit the systematic export of their natural enemies.

Returning recently from Africa in company with an ornithologist from East Africa (Mr. L. S. V. Venables, of Tilford, Surrey, who wishes to join in this protest) it was noticed that in one small badly ventilated ship's store little larger than a full-sized wardrobe nearly 500 birds were confined in rough boxes. Each box, measuring only about twenty-nine inches in length and fifteen inches in height and width, contained on an average, eighty birds! There was scarcely room for the birds to leave their perches during a six weeks' voyage through the tropics. Many of these birds were either Cordon Bleu or Adult Whydahs, their beautiful plumage and long tails draggled in the slime. There were also many varieties of Weavers, Estrilda, Spermestes, Euplectes, and other beautiful birds. In addition to these small birds several Adult Hornbills, Black Crakes, Marmosets, and other animals were confined in boxes and crates in this same compartment. The stench was appalling. The death-rate amongst these tropical birds, arriving, as this consignment did, in England and Hamburg during the recent bitter March weather, would be very high.

As the majority of East African birds are more or less omnivorous, feeding on insects and caterpillars as well as seeds, adequate protection for birds is an essential part of our defence against insect pests. In any case birds in tropical countries have a sufficiency of natural enemies—often there is a 90 per cent. mortality amongst the nestlings.

A Portuguese official assured me his Government would be ready to co-operate in the prevention of this miserable traffic now flourishing between Mombasa and Beira. The shipping authorities must assist in making a prohibition of this traffic effective, as the Negro can always be tempted to break the law if a remunerative

market can be found on ships at African ports. The export of birds should in any case be strictly controlled.

Oxford. ARTHUR OSBURN

THE LATE MR. JUSTICE HOLMES

SIR,—The late Mr. Justice Holmes entrusted to Professor Felix Frankfurter, of the Harvard Law School, and to me the task of arranging for authoritative publications concerning his life and work, and by his will he appointed me Executor and left to me the use and disposal of his letters, papers and memoranda, including his rights in letters written by him. Professor Frankfurter and I shall be grateful if any who possess letters of his which may be fitly made available for publication would communicate with me or send to me such letters as they are willing to allow us to examine. All such material will be copied and the originals returned to those who are kind enough to entrust them to me. Professor H. J. Laski (Devon Lodge, Addison Bridge Place, London, W.14) is acting for me in Europe, and will be glad to receive any material, or to answer any questions, on my behalf.

84 State Street, JOHN G. PALFREY
Boston, Massachusetts,
U.S.A.

DOUBLE ENTENTE

SIR,—Is it not a curious fact that, though Melantha to-day has corrected most of the mistakes of the Melantha of the seventeenth century, she, her less melanthesque contemporaries and many small English dictionaries persist in writing and speaking of "double entendre," a phrase which does not, and never has, existed in the French language. FRANCIS LOYD

20 Hallam Street,
Portland Place, W.1.

VANILLA

SIR,—I was greatly interested in the article entitled "Appetite," by Y. Y., as it forcibly illustrates a favourite contention of my own, namely, that people are forgetting what genuine food is like. Hardly anyone, for instance, is now a good judge of cheese, because the authentic cheeses with a definite character and a definite *provenance* have been so largely superseded by mass-production horrors at fancy prices. The poor housewife asks for half a pound of colonial white, the better-off demand a box of portions.

Now the vanilla flavour of commerce, which our author so strongly (and rightly) resents, is, I believe, an extract of cloves, and is scarcely even a crude approximation to the taste of genuine vanilla. The latter is derived only from the seed-pods of the vanilla plant; these pods can be bought at all good grocers' for infusion in food, and though expensive they can be used repeatedly. They are really romantic things to have in the house, as one reflects when using them on the fact that this is the only orchidaceous plant with alimentary uses; that the Aztec monarchs cultivated it for flavouring their chocolate; that the conquering Spaniard introduced it to Europe; and so on. Down with falsified, meretricious commercial extracts by all means, but *vive la véritable vanille*, with its unique sophisticated charm.

55 Church Street, Chelsea, S.W.3. RUTH PITTER

AMERICAN WAGES AND THE N.R.A.

SIR,—In the review under this heading of "The Economic Consequences of the New Deal," in your issue of May 11, it is said that in 1931 the wage earners in the tobacco industry received only 1.9 per cent. of what the companies received for their profit. This is a transcript of a statement on page 28. Calculation of the figures given in the book suggests that the correct percentage is not 1.9 but 19, which makes a very large difference.

Shawms, Radford Bank, H. J. BOSTOCK
Stafford.

THE "MAXIM GORKY"

SIR,—Thank you for quoting the *Aeroplane* in "This England" about the end of the "Maxim Gorky."

I suppose the average reader of your note will interpret it as meaning that everybody is delighted at the crash. They will probably forget that when the Zeppelin was shot down a very large number of people, especially in the Fighting Services, said, "My God, what an end for gallant men," and recognised the fact that although they were enemies they were brave, and died doing their duty. C. G. GREY,

175 Piccadilly, W.1. Editor, the *Aeroplane*

Miscellany

AN ODE

THE BALLET DANCERS

LET me express my love for Toumánova!
For Barónova and Riabouchínska!
Tamara Toumánova,
Irina Barónova,
Tatiana Riabouchínska
In the flower of their youth, dancers of the Russian Ballet—
O Venus, Diana and the Nine Heavenly Muses,
Daughters of Memory,
Vouchsafe to inspire me!

To thee, Mnemosyne, I will first make offering
In faithful description:
Tamara Toumánova, fury of fifteen, black as the Black Sea
In miniature glyph-graven,
Pebble of darkness from a Caucasian cavern
Her Grecian perfection
To daylight storm-driven
In *La Boutique Fantasque* dancing the tarantella
A hurricane-gimbal,
Swift-stamping feet, white teeth and black brows parallel!

O I love thee, I love thee, my cataract-maiden
Pouring like a passion from thy mountains!

Les Contes Russes, scenery and costumes by Larionoff,
A dream-tale for children,
Particularised in shape and colour, made factual
By an act of the imagination,
("He is still alive, a funny old man," someone said to me
During an interval)
Yes, maybe he still lives in the ruins of his chalks and palette
As crabs live in the wreckage of a ship that shall never again sail;
Silently I honour him, a fellow-artist, a creator,
As I gaze on his melody of colour!
The scene changes from toy-richness to moon-silver—
Lament of the Swan-Princess, Barónova—
Silently she moves, like a dream in the heart of the hunter
In the starlight of October.

O I love, I love thee, Barónova,
Thou moonbeam in the darkness-dappled winter!

Tatiana Riabouchínska, gamine in *Jeux d'Enfants*,
Music by Bizet, geometrical décor, Miro;
Very modern, very unromantic, *très avancé*!
Children precocious and vicious as in a story by Kafka;
On their knowledge-stamped faces
The beauty of corruption which is young and perfect;
Lips delicate as the flush of wild roses,
Limbs in thin silk coral-coloured drawers
Fresh as carnations in the dew of morning,
Provocative in pose and gesture
Ancient Vice in its heavenly re-dawning.

O I love thee, I love thee, Tatiana,
Thin-armed spider in the tissue of illusion!

Such are ballets that waking I have seen
But once I was spectator in a dream
Of a ballet by the sea.

In the middle of the Arctic Ocean in summer time
A lava-curdled island with its one mountain
Smoking like Cain's sacrifice in the sky:
The naked inhabitants running hither and thither
In fear lest they should die.
Frieze of stampede along the surf of the sea,
The down-dragging spirals of smoke, the violent-struggling trees,
Terror's white body!

Heart of earth burning underneath the sky
For thee, moon of Mount Abora!

Down the mountain crept the serpentine lava-streams
Hissing their way to the sea.
In the night-time Dark Masses from the icy ocean
Arose, surrounding the island,
Dark dregs discarded from the stars
When the soul thrown up glittering in the night-time
Dances on its inmost darkness.
Then the inhabitants gathering in the daylight
In little groups after the eruption;
They had lost their cattle, their sheep, and all but a few hens
Scattered, without a single cockerel.
Dull the sky, lustreless the ocean with ashes
And the hearts of the mourners empty!

Pity the heart empty in the daylight
Outpoured in a field of heatless lava!

Ruddy like the comb of a cockerel
Sunlight on a smoke-wisp of the volcano,
The memory-blown heart, like a cinder,
In the islanders suddenly lighting!
Across the seas in white curls brightening
From afar they summon a saviour.

Out of Ireland a red and gold cockerel,
Like a miniature sun arising
From the bowels of the ship every dawning,
Day-long crowed centering the horizon
Night-long spread glittering through the stars!

Populating that island in the Arctic silence
With eggs like the pebbles of the sea,
Plumping the inhabitants with white flesh and feathers for their beds
The golden cockerel daily dispelled darkness;
The air grew heavy with plumage,
The stars more golden and weighted with fiery richness,
The breakers of the sea hung dense in marble whiteness
Women with the limbs of Venus.

The islanders holding a great festival
Honoured the golden cockerel;
Perched like a red cloud on the volcano
He chanted in their hearts winter's burial;
The billows of the ocean broke sparkling into gladness
Scattering the white foam of springtime,
Bubbling from the dark earth an incantation of aerial voices
Awoke from their dream-shroud the dancers.

O we love thee, we love thee, thou golden cockerel,
Clarion of death, birth and burial!

Dance, dance—Tamara, Irina, Tatiana!
Dance—Earth, Fire and Water!
Incarnations of the desire of the Enchanter,
Colours of the invisible Aether:
Silent in the brightness of morning, silent in the darkness of evening
Hear the voice of the Creator!
Hear the voice of the volcano
Flung far from his heavenly mountain!
Hear the voice of the cockerel
Pouring from dawn's gold fountain!
Hear the voice of the cloud
As each Nymph arises from her shroud!

We hear thee, we hear thee, thou golden cockerel,
And dance to thy glory eternal!

W. J. TURNER

NOTES ON NEW WORDS

1. *JAY-WALKER.*—The *odium linguisticum* (to borrow Miss Rose Macaulay's happy phrase) has come to replace in modern times the ancient *odium theologicum* as an outlet for the fury of intolerance pent up in that fiery furnace, the human breast. The history of this word-fury would be worth writing if one had the time. Early outbreaks of it, though in a mild and incipient form, we find among the Elizabethans; it blazed out over classical emendations in the life of the irate Bentley, and began to rage not long after among the editors of Shakespeare's text. What caused the fierce acrimony of these scholiasts and scholars was, Dr. Johnson remarked, not easy to discover, the points in dispute being of small importance and involving neither property nor liberty, nor stirring up political or religious passions. And yet one emendator would attack, he said, another, "with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary," and would often display "a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame."

Nowadays these passions find their vent and outlet in the correspondence columns of the *Times*, where linguistic Diehards, armed in the panoply of a complete ignorance of linguistic history, and disdainful of opening a dictionary or consulting the most elementary handbook on language, promulgate the usages of their set or club, or, it may be, their own private crotchets, as the inexorable laws of the King's English, the slightest infringements of which they castigate with all the dogmatic fury of the inquisitors of the good old days of ecclesiastical incinerations.

This odium is largely directed against the pronunciation of names and current words, and in especial against the recommendations of that execrated body, the Advisory Committee of the B.B.C. The great Conduit Street battle will be remembered, when the streets of London ran with more blood than has ever filled them since the Gordon Riots. But the idioms of the language are often their objects of attack. Not long ago a hue and cry was started (apropos of the expression to *try out*) against that fortunate contrivance of our language, the "phrasal verb" as it is called (the use of a verb with the addition of an adverb or a preposition), which adds to our speech a vigour and expressiveness unknown in other modern languages. Then Lord Dunsany (who ought to have known better) started an outcry against another English idiom, our happy and unique power of using our adjectives as nouns. New and needed words are, of course, most savagely reprobated; though when once they come to be established it is no longer possible, as Coleridge pointed out, to understand the indignation they met with at their birth. Who can now imagine that so amiable a word as *amiability* should have outraged the ears of Purists at its first appearance? The outcries of these linguistic Diehards of Old England, and the gnashing of their teeth are no doubt, as a stimulus to the repair of dental sets, of some benefit to trade; while the clatter of it all, reminding them as it does of old unhappy half-forgotten conflicts, conveys no unpleasant sound to the ears of linguistic students.

Unluckily, however, these verbal excommunications, ridiculous as they seem to philologists, are not altogether harmless: they have proved in the past and are proving even more to-day an injury to the vigour and creative power of our English speech. One of our most urgent needs,

in this time of rapid transformation, is the need for new words to name the new inventions, the new ways of life and thought, which are appearing in such rapid succession, and for the labelling of which at least twenty or thirty new terms are added to our current vocabulary every year. As long as these new terms are (as they mostly are) long, learned, devitalised compounds of dead Greek or Latin roots, our Diehards swallow them without reluctance; but as soon as they meet with a word made out of the living and vivid elements of our own language they are up in arms at once. *Standpoint* they denounced, and *outlook* and *overtone*; the word *handbook* raised a veritable scandal; and when the word *airman* appeared they did their best to kill it, and indeed would probably have done so, had not the *Times* (for I must be fair to that organ) given on principle a preference to this English term over the learned but bastard Latin *aviator*. Many other such native formations have, however, been knocked on the head by the Purists, and as a consequence almost all the vital compounds which have added life in recent years to our language have come from America, where the pedants have not yet succeeded in establishing that linguistic reign of terror which they have imposed on England. *Backwoodsman*, *sneak-thief*, *cocktail*, *log-rolling*, *red-tape*, *skyscraper*—what admirable and expressive words these transatlantic compounds are! And what a word is *pussyfoot*, and how it would have delighted Shakespeare! And then there is the word *road-hog*, which brings me, after a long preamble, to the subject of my present note—an Americanism which has recently winged its way across the Atlantic, and which, if it can escape the shot-guns of our linguistic patriots, may perhaps nest and naturalise itself in our vocabulary. I speak of this word, *jay-walker*, as if it were a bird, and indeed it is of ornithological origin, being derived from the old French word *jay* (*geai* in modern French)—a bird-name which is believed to have fluttered into the French language from the Teutonic forests, being derived, it is supposed, from the old High German adjective *gâhi* which means "quick" or "lively." The lively, chattering, gay-coloured jay-bird (*garrulus glandarius* to be pedantic, which I love) flutters and flashes in the plays of Shakespeare as the appellation of a showy, overdressed or a loose woman—"some jay of Italy" in Imogen's indignant phrase; it also, in our earlier literature, came to mean a gawk or guy; and in America a provincial "loon," the inhabitant of a jay-town, of some backward, provincial village, or some remote country district. Such a jay, appearing from the provinces among the rushing motors of a great city, and cutting country capers amid the traffic without regard to traffic regulations, acquired about 1925 (so the supplement to the Oxford Dictionary informs us) the happy appellation of *jay-walker*. Rope-walkers were once, as street-walkers are still, among the sights of the streets of London, and "disorderly walkers" were denounced in its churches; shop-walkers are familiar to us all, while in our imaginations the "six Proud Walkers" of folksong pompously parade. Let's try to add to this gallant company the Jay-walker before the Purists wring its neck!

2. *DIEHARD.*—This word, unlike *Jay-walker*, and most new animated compounds, is an all-English formation, and its history, as the Oxford Dictionary records it, is full of interest. To "die hard," like to "die game," was a colloquial phrase which became famous in the Peninsular War, when, at the battle of Albuera, the famous general Sir William Inglis cried out: "Die hard! die hard!" to the 57th regiment, then occupying a position as important as it was deadly. They obeyed, and the regiment is known as the "Diehards" to this day. In 1900 the term was applied to brindled Scottish terriers; in 1912 to the ermined Peers who opposed the Irish Home Rule Bill of that date, and ten years later to the Dukes, Marquesses, Earls and Barons who declared their cast-iron determination to die in the last ditch (they thought better of it later) rather than permit Lloyd George to inconvenience that land with the ill-fortune of its freedom. If I have applied the term to those Purists who fight with teeth and nails—false teeth but infuriated nails—against linguistic innovation, I feel that I have a sort of right to do so, since, though my reason may be upright, my oblique and incorrigible pen is the pen of a purist-snob and Pharisee of the strictest sect. And now, that genteel goose-quill begins to cackle with indignation as I compel it to set down the third of my little collection of modern words.

3. *VIEWPOINT.—Viewpoint*, like *diehard*, is a word of English formation, though it is more generally made use of in America, and has been quite recently imported from that country. The Oxford Dictionary finds it, however, in a book on British lichens published as early as 1844. The word, reason tells me, is a serviceable one—as inoffensive really as the now accepted, though once execrated, *standpoint*; but as it has never, like *diehard*, been patronised by the titled classes, and keeps, like those other new and useful words, *colourful* and the verb to *sense*, the most vulgar company, I shall have no traffic with it until it gets into a better set. To writers with more social courage I commend it, however; claiming as my own in the meantime the merit of those who are at least aware of the state of linguistic sin they live in; who see and approve the better way they do not follow, and preach to others a doctrine and discipline which the infirmities and their goose-quills render them incapable of practising themselves.

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH

FORTUITIES

IT was about six o'clock on a wet spring morning. "Will you please come at once to 27 Richmond Street: a young man's cut his throat." The nature of the message and the already broad daylight made it easy to get up and go. In contrast with the outside air the room at number 27 was dark and close, and it had no gas-jet or lamp. The slippery floor told its tale. I struck a match; sure enough, he had cut his throat, and his blood-drained body lay there on a dirty and blood-soaked mattress. "Have you got a candle?" I asked his mother, who was standing in the doorway. "He's dead, isn't he?" she asked.

She found a candle, and with its help I made those necessary observations that a coroner would expect me to have made. A constable arrived. I explained the situation to him. "I shouldn't care for your job, Doctor," he remarked. "I wouldn't swap it for yours," I replied. We left the room to make our several reports to the authorities concerned. I told the mother that for the moment she had better leave the room untouched, and not let anybody go in. "Nobody can do anything. I'm sorry."

She didn't cry, but I noticed her tremble as she held the street door open for me. The only words she could find to conceal her feelings would, to those unaccustomed to English reticence, have sounded almost comically callous. "What a nice change in the weather, Doctor."

O. H.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Grief Goes Over" at the Globe

In *Grief Goes Over*, Dr. Merton Hodge evades a big issue quite agreeably, and prefers to skate timorously over the thin ice of emotion without toppling in. The griefs of his characters are enacted, and go over, off stage, while the audience is treated to sequences of light and easy family dialogue, turned into pleasant enough entertainment by the admirable production of Miss Auriol Lee. In so far as Dr. Hodge states his theme he understates it by selecting, in illustration, such scars as heal easiest: the suicide of the drug-addicted son for whom, and all concerned, it is probably the most rational solution; the death, in childbirth, of the girl wife, where the husband has still the recuperative power of extreme youth. The cast could have risen to stronger material. Dame Sybil Thorndike, as the mother, makes the most of her scanty emotional moments, especially when the police inspector breaks the news of her son's suicide at the end of the first act. But she is wasted in the part. Mr. Geoffrey Nares and Miss Mary Jones carry on their Christopher Robinish affair in a pleasing if sometimes a self-conscious style. The acting of Miss Elliot Mason, as the family Nanny, is as faultless as her Scotch accent. (We never

heard a better.) If one is tempted to the criticism that some of the subsidiary characters (the pompous elder brother or the disapproving aunt) behave and talk like characters on the stage, this must be tempered with the reflection that in life (and particularly in Kensington) people frequently do.

"The Old Lady says 'No'"

Londoners have every right to be bewildered by Mr. Denis Johnston's early play, now presented by the Dublin Gate Theatre at the Westminster. It is a bemusing fantasy, subtle and crude, realistic and sentimental, rich and jejune—and almost every other adjective in the workaday critic's store, so long as it is matched with some antithesis. This is only to say that *The Old Lady Says "No!"* is not a work of genius, but a work written by a genius. In *Moon in the Yellow River* he revealed a magnificent sense of the theatre, and odd lapses in taste : the last five minutes were nauseating, like Barrie but worse. Pirandello, Toller, and Synge are among the dramatists behind *The Old Lady says "No,"* all ill digested. The play itself is a chasing of symbols. Robert Emmet is given a new life in the brain of an actor who has received an unlucky blow while playing the part. The romantic-par-excellence wanders about in contemporary Dublin—a wasteland in which imagination has yielded to tawdry sentiment, in which ideals have been buried beneath respectability or cheap vanity. He is haunted by cool commonsense, personified by the living statue of Grattan, the eminent constitutionalist, and by Cathleen ni Houlihan, the old lady who as a drunken flower-seller persists in demanding meaningless sacrifice. It is elaborate, mocking, parti-coloured stuff, elusive when definiteness seems inevitable, harshly concrete in its satire when one expects vagueness. Its background is capricious, and there are many allusions which will pass over the heads of most English people. But it is imaginative and clumsily alive—a genuine theatrical experience, which will interest assiduous playgoers, however they may be tempted to resentment at curtain-fall, and it is carefully produced by Mr. Hilton Edwards. The nature of the production precludes individually outstanding performances, save for that of Michéal Macliammóir who plays Robert Emmet (and the actor who plays Robert Emmet, for there are two mingled aspects of his performance) with admirable force and tragic strength.

The Russian Ballet at Covent Garden

On Tuesday night the Russian Ballet season began at Covent Garden with a programme of *La Boutique Fantasque*, *Les Présages* and *Aurora's Wedding*, three admirably chosen ballets which exhibit the company's resources from the classical tradition in solo and ensemble dancing in *Aurora's Wedding* (which is a masterpiece of its kind with choreography after Petipa) to one of the newest dramatic achievements of Massine as a choreographer *Les Présages* (Destiny) in which the whole of Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony is used as a basis for the work.

It is curious that it should be possible to draw the music for the best classical style of dancing as for the newest from Tchaikovsky, whose variations used in *Aurora's Wedding* represent the perfection of brilliance and individuality needed for the supreme virtuosity of the solo dancer, as his Fifth Symphony gives the most effective musical framework for the choral mimeing of *Les Présages*. The importance of the music in ballet is so great that it is a pity the orchestra did not play better on Tuesday night under Antal Dorati and Efrem Kurtz. Whether because it is exhausted under the strain of constant rehearsals during the opera season or for some other reason the playing was woefully lacking in precision, brilliance and sensitiveness.

Fortunately the dancers did not fail. Danilova was more delightful than ever in *La Boutique*; Toumanova has actually improved and without losing her dash has perfected her style; Baronova is becoming one of the most delightful dancers of our time, her variation in *Aurora's Wedding* was one of the most exquisite things of the whole evening. As for Tatiana Riabouchinska's Blue-bird pas de deux with Roland Guerard, that alone for grace and bird-like lightness was an absolute joy to the eye. There was enormous enthusiasm from a house full in every part.

"Joyless Street" at the Empire

Twelve years is always a long time; in the young life of the films, it's an age. The precocious art of the cinema progresses swiftly enough for Pabst's *Joyless Street*, made a dozen years ago, to have become, in 1935, a bewildering and jerky shadow of its former self. It has been largely (and mercifully) cut : which would account for the absurd jumpiness of the action. Its make-up, lighting and drama have a long-forgotten crudity, and the tempo is exactly that of an early Chaplin film; the gestures, born of a similar speechlessness, are comically the same. Subsequent technical improvements in photography explain of course that scuttling double-time at which its characters jump to conclusions, in and out of doors and through tragic and emotional scenes. But its night-life—and those short skirts !—complete our sense of vertigo : how did anyone manage to languish in a knee-length sack? Greta Garbo, in this her first star-part, almost accomplishes that feat : blackeyed make-up and all, she looks very beautiful and acts with a restraint which, we now see, must have been startling at that time. Dark-haired, at seventeen she had what to-day, as a Hollywood star, a blonde, and a glorious gawk, she still preserves : a blessed and unique personality. *Joyless Street* has therefore only a laboratory interest; and probably, of all the quickly perishable arts, the flickering passage of a film into its own peculiar limbo of lost light and faded inspiration is the least to be regretted. We have of late had several of these séances with the ghosts of Ufa's heyday : it is instructive and pathetic to watch them follow the early Westerns and glamorous Griffiths back into that antiquity from which Chaplin holds back only on one foot and the great Russians are still entirely, but so narrowly, preserved.

Paul Klee at the Mayor Gallery

If Klee were a Frenchman his first exhibition in London would probably have been opened by the French Ambassador. For he has been generally recognised as the most distinguished living painter his country has produced. But the Germans have no longer any sense of what mere foreigners can find to admire in their culture. Klee may interest historians as the first to explore in paint the country of the imagination in which the *Surréalistes* later squatted. The titles which he gives his paintings suggest that he attaches importance to their "meaning." And in *Earth-Devil*, for instance, one seems to recognise the interest in the grotesque and macabre which is a tradition in German art. But the value of his work to the spectator depends on formal qualities in which poetic imaginings are implied rather than expounded. Klee has an almost unrivalled sense of texture and surface, combined with a variety of invention very rare in "abstract" painters. Some of his water-colours have a depth or translucence of colour which prove him to be a real master. He is not comparable with a Picasso or a Matisse, because his work is small not only in scale but in emotional force. But accomplishment and good taste could hardly be carried further. An exhibition not to miss, for Klee is still too little known in this country.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, June 14th—
"Anything Goes," Palace.
B.B.C. Festival, Queen's Hall, 8.30.

SATURDAY, June 15th—
Cricket. England *v.* South Africa (first Test Match), Nottingham.
S.C.R. Garden Fête. Viscount Hastings, Paul Robeson, Mrs. Cecil Chesterton, 42 Marryat Rd., Wimbledon Common, 3-7.
Country Dance Party by the English Folk Dance and Song Society, Hyde Park, 3 (for children) and 7 (for adults).
Handel's "Xerxes," Loughton, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, June 16th—
Dr. Horace J. Bridges on "The Rising Tide of Religious Disbelief in America," Conway Hall, 11.
"The Benefit of the Doubt," Arts Theatre.

MONDAY, June 17th—
"Hamlet," Westminster Theatre.

TUESDAY, June 18th—
Pierre Ceresole on "International Service in India," Friends' House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Mock Trial on Modern Authors. Charge : "Taking Themselves Too Seriously." Prosecutor : J. B. Morton. Defendants : E. M. Delafield, Cicely Hamilton, Alec Waugh, London School of Economics, 5.30.
Debate on "Are the Principles of Eugenics Most Favoured by a Socialist or Capitalist State of Society?" Speeches by T. Drummond Shiels and C. V. Drysdale, Rooms of the Linnean Society, Burlington House, 5.15.
Irene Scharrer. Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.30.
"Twelfth Night," Regent's Park.

THURSDAY, June 20th—
International Horse Show, Olympia.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

At the beginning of W. H. Hudson's *Far Away and Long Ago* is an account of how, during a serious illness which lasted for six weeks, he suddenly fell into recollecting his childhood with astonishing clarity:

> It was to me a marvellous experience; to be here, propped up with pillows in a dimly-lighted room, the night nurse idly dozing by the fire; the sound of the everlasting wind in my ears, howling outside and dashing the rain like hailstones against the windowpanes; to be awake to all this, feverish and ill and sore, conscious of my danger too, and at the same time to be thousands of miles away, out in the sun and wind, rejoicing in other sights and sounds, happy again with that ancient long-lost and now recovered happiness.

Lacking such a sudden illumination the landscape of the past is, for most people, enveloped by cloud shadows or lost in haze, while only a few peaks stand up unnaturally clearly; and any *recherche du temps perdu* must be performed gropingly through the fog of time. We feel, indeed, something of this sort in the overture of *Swann's Way;* the past is being deduced and reconstructed from isolated, disconnected memories. Moreover, the seeker is only too often not trying to remember a lost world, but to discover a picture of himself. In consequence the accounts men give of their childhood have often an uncertain air, as though they were doing their best to bear witness to the truth, but were fairly puzzled to know what to say or think about themselves, betraying that shocked self-surprise which is so constantly expressed by murderers. The more truthful seekers often have to pick their way cautiously among the memories of their past selves, aware that the ground is pot-holed with discrepancies, while the less truthful regard the haze itself as an excuse for sentiment.

* * *

One need not love children or "understand" them to write well about childhood: what is needed is an intensely vivid, exceptional memory, such as is revealed in flashes by Jean Cocteau, who can evoke in a desolating phrase the smelliness, the boredom and the despairing passions of the classroom. This vivid realistic power of seeing the past as he saw it as a child, is Mr. Herbert Palmer's great qualification for writing *The Mistletoe Child, An Autobiography of Childhood.* (Dent 10*s.* 6*d.*).

> Very little of my life is more clear and vivid than that green caterpillar time between the ages of three and six. I was intensely conscious, intensely alive, indeed, rather too much so for most of the people who had dealings with me.

This is no idle claim: Mr. Palmer substantiates it with detailed vivid descriptions that fill the early chapters of his book. It is not only that he remembers, but he still feels the same passions that dominated him in his caterpillar time. Here, for example, is scrambling for nuts on the last day of term at the infant school:

> The boys moved their hands and arms with terrific swiftness, and quickly filled their pockets. Every time a nut got within half an inch of my poor little weak hand somebody else scooped it up. Even the little girls did rather well, for they were sinuous and wily and patted down on the nuts like ghosts. The boys crashed and pushed and snatched furiously, but the girls, though they scooped in fewer, got them with apparently little effort. Only I was out of it. One generous little girl gave me two or three of hers.

There is a touch of resentment in that description. Mr. Palmer still feels that he has been kept a nut or two short of his deserts. Perhaps because he was always a frail, lean little creature, he was the most passionate member of a rather moody, passionate family. The father was a Wesleyan Methodist minister, descended from a race of Redditch anglers and artificial fly makers, a bookworm who was more open-minded than most men of his calling and fond of Christmas merry-makings and pagan rites. But the women—mother, aunts and sisters—dominated the child's life and it was against them that he continually rebelled:

> I was very frail, very slightly built, with hardly any flesh on my bones; and I have been told that, when I was a baby, my thin hands seemed transparent like the bodies of small fishes, and the blue veins shone on them like marble markings. But at moments I was very strong, for when I flew into one of my flaming rages I made the furniture fly.

Hence his early memories are full of being tied in his chair, and being carried forcibly to bed. But punishment had little effect and he bears no malice. He shrieked too much to be a good subject for beatings, and moral lessons were not always taken in the right way. At four years old he was shown coloured pictures of the little boy who persisted in taking the wrong road, along which a lion was waiting which ate him up and went away looking very fat and licking its lips.

> I still preferred the primrose path of I-don't-cares and I-shan'ts, even though they did lead down lion's throats; but I was impressed with lions as subjects for "conversion," and for years afterwards I used to picture myself kneeling down praying to lions and doing it so pitifully and finely, and with such tremendous flourishes of love and affection, that the lions were profoundly affected and walked away waving their tails and with tears in their great fiery eyes.

* * *

The faults of *The Mistletoe Child* are not of the ordinary kind. Mr. Palmer has not faked, or sentimentalised, or glossed over his childhood, nor has he recalled and written it in any spirit of self-love. Quite the contrary. Because he is a true poet he is not concerned with prettiness or falsity, but with the things that matter. It is rather that the profusion of memory has rushed forth in such a spate of detail that one is at first carried away and then exhausted. The beginning of the book is the best part; not only is the green caterpillar time what is most vividly remembered, but Mr. Palmer, when he has described that, has told us everything which is really essential about himself. We feel that when he has reached the age of twelve, we know him perfectly. The author seems to become aware of this almost before the reader; once he has described his own character and his family, he becomes bored by the details of his life. At the age of twenty, Mr. Palmer was told by an elderly friend that his outlook was bounded by trout and by Keats, and perhaps the reason why the second half of *The Mistletoe Child* seems thinner than the first is that he has deliberately left out the fishing, the main interest of his boyhood, for fear that he should repeat some part of what he has given us in that most delightful of all books of fishing sketches, *The Roving Angler* (Dent, 6*s.*). As a child he was not allowed to fish and gazed at the jam jars that other little boys brought back "palpitating with live minnows, sticklebacks and tadpoles" "as a chained otter might stare into an aquarium." But he never tells us, as perhaps he might have done, of how he learned to tie flies—of the evenings with an expert fisherman in an enchanted little outhouse filled with tails of grey, glassy horsehair and hanks of gut and the wings and hackles of every sort of bird and of the torn landing nets and top joints to splice or varnish. Instead of that we hear about his wretched schooling and how at last: "By the skin of my teeth I had bitten through the iron gates" and was thus able to enter the University of Birmingham. Perhaps he is right and that is more essential.

* * *

The last chapters of the book are taken at a gallop; we are told no more than that the stone rolled and where it rolled and that he found a wife in the girl he had determined to marry, at the age of fourteen, at the moment he first saw her. *The Mistletoe Child* is thus a hotch-potch—a good book and a bad book, well-written and ill-written; full of vivid, yet confused pictures. It is strange, unexpected, and better to read aloud slowly to someone else than rapidly to oneself. The hurried reader may say that here is the story of just another human being, *tout comme un autre.* The point of Mr. Palmer is that he is unique; that all his life he has been a misfit and that he could never by any chance have been anything else. It has not made for his happiness, but it is part of what has given him his value.

DAVID GARNETT

THE MAKING OF A TERRORIST

A Life of Alexander II, Tsar of Russia. By STEPHEN GRAHAM. *Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

At the Court of the Last Tsar. Being Memoirs of A. A. MOSSOLOV. Edited by A. A. PILENCO. Translated by E. W. DICKES. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

Spiridonova. By I. STEINBERG. Translated by GWENDA DAVID and ERIC MOSBACHER. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.

For anyone considering himself humane, who has been brought up in a "civilised" manner, and who also is something of a coward, I can imagine nothing in the world more difficult than to think himself into the mind and skin of a Russian terrorist of the last generation. If anyone doubts this statement let him read the three books at the head of this review. And let him read them with this purpose in view. Of the economic causes of the Revolution they have little to tell us, but they do much to explain its psychological causes, and above all they explain that feeling of continual exasperation which must make it possible for decent and humane men and women to become terrorists and to believe in assassination as a valuable political weapon.

Mr. Stephen Graham's account of the reign of Alexander II gives an example of the truth that there is nothing so dangerous for despotism as a virtuous despot. Alexander was a good Tsar. He deserved his title of the Liberator not only because he freed the serfs but because he really believed in liberty. But it was a terrible time for an autocrat who had a conscience to live in. It was the great age of Russian literature. It saw the birth of the Slavophil movement, a movement which quickly widened into panslavism, and is as much answerable as anything else for the war of 1914–1918. It also saw the birth of the international and revolutionary movement, slowly merging into Marxism. The serfs had to be liberated—in itself a problem of appalling economic difficulty that failed to do much more than change serfs into wage slaves.

Everything seemed to be happening at once. And—what was worse—while the influential and vocal part of the country was educated up to Western standards, the enormous masses were still illiterate and brutalised to an extent which had not been possible in the West for centuries. Alexander was a good Tsar, but he was not a great one. And, indeed, it is a question if even a great one could have grappled with his difficulties. The exasperation among his subjects, especially among those whom he had led to hope for something better, grew worse and worse. His life was attempted continually, and in the end he was assassinated with a new constitution in his pocket.

Mr. Graham's account of the reign is readable and fair. At times it is a little sentimental.

At the Court of the Last Tsar is far more naif a work. But though superficial it also reads as if it were entirely genuine.

> I do not think it would have been possible to discover a lady better fitted than was Princess Galitzin to live up to the full importance attached to the high office of Mistress of the Robes.

The book is written more or less like that throughout. But one gets a picture of the Tsar as a conscientious, stupid, and pathetically distrustful man, of his wife as a stingy German and very unpopular woman, and, though one knows that this is not exactly the impression one is supposed to receive, one feels that it is true, and one is sorry for them. But if the revolutionaries of Alexander's reign became exasperated, it is not surprising if exasperation became acute in this.

Both these books describe a view of Russia from the top. *Spiridonova* shows us the reverse of the medal. It is an appalling book. Appalling whichever way one looks at it—whether one considers the stupidity, cruelty, and brutality which make the beginning of the story psychologically possible, or its tragic results to-day. At the age of twenty-one, in 1906, Spiridonova shot a Tsarist General who had been sent to carry out a series of punitive expeditions in the part of the country in which she lived. She was seized by Cossacks, horribly and obscenely maltreated, and sentenced to death. There followed an outcry in the press in Russia and throughout Europe, her sentence was commuted, and she was sent to Siberia. In 1917 she was rescued by the Revolution and returned to Moscow. Once there she became a leader of the Social Revolutionary Party (who believe in terrorism) and co-operated with the Bolsheviks in carrying out the October Revolution. But she could not work with the Bolshevists for long. She opposed the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk and she disagreed about the peasants. She was powerful and popular and she fought against the Bolsheviks with every weapon she possessed. Once again she found herself in prison, and she is now in banishment in the Urals, having known sixteen months' freedom since she was sent to Siberia as a girl in 1906.

The book is chock-full of problems. There is the problem of how a girl, brought up in an educated, well-to-do home, suddenly comes to believe in the value of assassination. There is the problem of her amazing and continuous courage throughout years and years of the most horrible ill-treatment and indignity. But there is also the problem of how she should be dealt with. Social Revolutionaries believe in their principles now as they did in Tsarist Russia, and they are entirely fearless. Mirbach was shot, Eichorn was killed in Kiev, and finally Lenin was shot at by a Social Revolutionary.

The book is extraordinarily moving. The courage, the rather tight-lipped, narrow, but superhuman courage, not only of Spiridonova but of other Social Revolutionaries in these pages is something I find at once both admirable and incomprehensible. The book is vividly written and most satisfactorily translated. But what a Bolshevik, or anybody else who is not prepared to give in to a Social Revolutionary, ought to do with him, I do not know.

RALPH WRIGHT

THE PROBLEM CHILD

The Subnormal Mind. By CYRIL BURT. *Oxford University Press.* 10s. 6d.

Applied psychology is a popular notion. We all agree that we must apply psychology to industry and education. We demand trained psychologists attached to educational bodies, to law courts and to prisons. Teachers, probation officers and social workers ought to "do psychology" before they take up their work. Most of us, advanced and knowing, leave it at that; it is so obvious that we do not consider the difficulties. We do not realise the gulf which lies between theory and practice. Our teachers "do psychology" as part of their training course, but when they are faced with a group of children what good is it to them? To begin with, no one who has not had experience realises how difficult

it is to regard a pupil as a human being at all. If he is stupid he holds up the class, if he fidgets he irritates everyone, and the teacher of a large class is often too harassed to do more than group his children as "good," "nervous" and "naughty." But supposing a teacher is energetic and well-intentioned, what should he look for? What signs are significant of what peculiarities? Here is a book which will help him. With Dr. Burt's assistance he can make a useful report, he can find out what the consultant will want to know when the child's behaviour is so abnormal that something must be done, and he can avoid future disaster by noticing the right things at an early stage.

But what about the consultant—the medical officer, the probation officer, the trained psychologist? Picture yourself sitting at a desk, interviewing children sent from school by a teacher, or brought from home by a parent. A doctor has his eyes and his instruments; he promenades them over the body; he knows what to look for. The consultant, acting as psychologist, is in a very different position; not only may he not be sure what to look for, but he may well not know how to begin looking. The whole idea of physical stigmata has been abandoned except in extreme instances, and therefore his only method is conversation. What, then, is he going to say after he has taken names, addresses, and ages? Again Dr. Burt's book is invaluable. There can be nothing more embarrassing for the inexperienced consultant (and he cannot start with experience) than to be faced with a "case" and not know what to say. There are still people about with an exaggerated idea of the power of the psychologist. A moment's conversation, and the secret corners of a patient's mind are supposed to be revealed. Nothing could be farther from the truth, and it would be impossible to over-estimate the utility of Dr. Burt's book as a guide to the lines along which investigation should be conducted.

To begin with, we can detect mental deficiency in the intellectual field. The technique is described, and we are told what children can be dealt with in special institutions. The real problem children, however, are the dull, the backward, the neurotic, the delinquent and the emotionally unstable. They have to be sorted out, and Dr. Burt gives an account of the symptoms which have to be noticed for classification and subsequent treatment. Tones of voice are important, and even the position of the hands when they are held out—

> With the hysterical and highly-strung the muscles of both hands and fingers, particularly the extensors, are often so violently contracted that the fingers are actually bent backwards at the metacarpal joints . . . ; with the neurasthenic, on the contrary, the whole hand flops limply down from the wrist like the flippers of a seal.

When testing a child suspected of innate intellectual defect it is important to find out whether his apparent stupidity is not perhaps due to some quite unsuspected physical defect, such as tone-deafness. It seems that some children hear their teacher as though he were an "ill-adjusted loud-speaker,"—they may "completely fail to distinguish *ee* from *oo*, or *s* from *f* or *th*." Such children cannot, and should not, be certified and segregated; they must be treated. Dr. Burt not only tells us how to diagnose their troubles, but also suggests what treatment each requires, short of manipulation at the hands of the psycho-analyst or suggestion-therapist.

Serious cases of hysteria or obsession can be detected fairly easily. What one has to realise is that the great bulk of problem children are border-line cases for whom technical treatment is, for one reason or another, impracticable. If he could draft all his cases off to a mental physician, the problems of the social worker would be easily solved, but he cannot; he is still left with weary Willie, naughty Norman and dull Doreen. They are cases for him to treat, and teachers and parents have to co-operate. Dr. Burt tells them what to do. It may be that the children simply want more sleep, but usually the factors which have to be adjusted are more complicated. Parents have to be cajoled, less satanic employment has to be found for idle hands, or interest has to be tempted along alternative routes. All this is easy to write, but when it comes to applying it in any specific instance it is a very different matter, and it is of the greatest value to have case-histories and suggestions at the back of one's mind to supply the deficiencies of one's experience.

Anyone familiar with Dr. Burt's other publications will welcome the appearance of his new book. He is sympathetic, sensible, clear and practical. He understands the problems which the social worker has to face, and the experience which lies behind his book makes it worth several courses on "General Psychology," as ordinarily purveyed. It is perfectly clear that if we are going to apply psychology to education by training the consultants and the teachers, psychology itself must be taught differently. Every course on psychology ought to include clinical as well as theoretical training. Even Dr. Burt's books are not enough, as he would be the first to admit. It is as absurd to expect a person who has read about human beings in books to be much use at handling them in the flesh as to expect a dentist to practise with skill after reading a few books on teeth.

S. SPROTT

AUSTRIA AND THE LEGACY OF BISMARCK

The Struggle for Supremacy in Germany, 1859-1866. By HEINRICH FRIEDJUNG. Translated by A. J. P. TAYLOR and W. L. MCELWEE. *Macmillan.* 15s.

The Fall of the German Republic. By R. T. CLARK. *Allen and Unwin.* 15s.

The Struggle for Supremacy was first published in 1897, and numerous editions have since appeared in Germany. The translation now under review has been compressed into one volume by the omission of certain passages of military history: it is enriched by a number of notes by the translators. Let it be said at once that both the translation and the introduction are admirable. Friedjung was a Jew and as such to a certain extent *au dessus de la mêlée*. Yet he was also what current German jargon would call "ein politischer Mensch," and it was inevitable that his book should have a hero; this hero was Bismarck. But of course Friedjung was too able and honest an historian to indulge in hero-worship, and he makes the facts speak for themselves, setting them out as fully and lucidly as possible. As a result Bismarck's success, instead of amazing, appears inevitable: he wanted that which the circumstances demanded, and he took no step until the dice were weighted in his favour. Austria really had no business in the Danish provinces, and it was on this that the quarrel was made to turn. When war broke out he saw to it that Austria was embarrassed on two fronts; when peace negotiations began he saw to it that his own terms were more moderate even than those suggested by Napoleon. He was unassailable.

And the Austria which faced him was feeble. It is Friedjung's thesis that this feebleness was the result of centuries of "reaction"; for reaction meant the fostering of inefficiency. Hence a weak and inept Cabinet, rotten finances—the discount on Austrian paper money in 1859 was 50 per cent.—and a dearth of capable generals. Austria was a problem as long ago as 1866, and Bismarck's moderation—it cost him an epic struggle to deter the King from a triumphal entry into Vienna—only postponed the catastrophe.

Friedjung himself did not consider that the Empire was weakened by the outcome of the war. The Hungarians became the chief supporters of its position as a great power, and the price was paid by the Germans in Austria who "lost their political centre of gravity and have never recovered it." It was Friedjung's belief that they could be reunited in Germany without losing their place in the Austrian Empire: presumably he held such a development compatible with the preservation of that Empire. In the event it was, of course, the centrifugal force of nationalism and not maladministration that broke it. Once again the problem of the "German Austrians" has arisen. Its solution is no more obvious than it was in 1866.

Mr. Clark's *Fall of the German Republic* presents a considerable contrast to Friedjung's work. Friedjung wrote as an historian. Mr. Clark accurately describes his book as a political study, and in his preface confesses "If history is not a school of politics, then for me at least it has very little meaning." His attitude, as also his verve and invective, thus is that rather of the political pamphleteer. From this his chosen standpoint Mr. Clark gives an instructive survey. The numerous great and small actors are brilliantly characterised, the complexities of their intrigues unravelled, their motives illuminated. A great deal of labour must have gone to this work, a work all the harder because sources, though abundant, are mostly coloured by political bias; they are either Philippics or Apologies. Add the German genius for intrigue and their Polonius-like love of windlasses and essays of bias, and it will appear that Mr. Clark has done good work in producing a coherent story, although he admits that he has sometimes had to fall back upon mere intuition. It was inevitable.

In deciding to write a study of politics, Mr. Clark evidently followed his bent; economics are put in the background and

statistics (a science closely related to pure mathematics) treated with contempt. Yet surely the growth of unemployment was the real cause of the revolution. And this growth was not due to the ineptitude or defeatism of German governments; retrenchment, or deflation as it was called, was the only available policy, since even a departure from gold, much more inflation, would have meant uncontrollable panic. Experiments open to Great Britain and the United States were impossible in Germany, and Mr. Clark exaggerates when he says "Outside the frontiers prosperity was slowly returning," as though things had been improving all round in the winter of 1932–3. Distress was bound to lead to a division of the country between extremists of the Right and Left, and ultimately to a dictatorial government by the victorious wing, unless indeed a coalition government was formed. But political views are so rigidly held in Germany that this kind of compromise is in practice impossible. Mr. Clark suggests that Papen's policy of attrition might have succeeded in wearing down the National Socialists. Yet ultimately the governing group would have had to associate itself with the leading party and the latter would then have swallowed the government at the next election. In times of emergency dictatorship is the only possible form of government in Germany.

Mr. Clark holds that the establishment of a dictatorship, however noble, in the place of a democracy, however vile, is an event to be deplored. His own very able narrative raises doubts of the justice of such a view. Party government in Germany was so difficult because there was always a multiplicity of parties holding incompatible and uncompromising political *Weltanschauugen*. It follows that government must be imposed from above. If this view is correct the tragedy of Germany is not that the Republic fell, but that it had given itself an unworkable constitution which was doomed to break down in circumstances making a dictatorship the only possible substitute. Herr Hitler was not a charlatan imposing himself on a fundamentally hostile people. He gave to Germany what Germany wanted. For better or worse this is the lesson of the last sixteen years. W. H. JOHNSTON

A SWEDISH STORY WRITER

Selected Short Stories of Hjalmar Söderberg. Translated by CHARLES WHARTON STORK. *Allen and Unwin.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Sweden is one of the countries which Englishmen always dream of visiting, and perhaps the chief reason why so few of us ever get there is a distaste for latitudes more northerly than our own. Its forests, its architecture and hors d'oeuvres remain largely legendary. On the map of Europe we see a peninsula reassuringly large, reminding us that there are still nations unaffected by over-population, war, unemployment and Fascism. With such a symbol of peacefulness in the background, it seems odd that of all Swedish writers the only one the English reading public has taken to its heart should be Strindberg.

A more typical picture will be found in lesser authors. The anthology of stories published last year by Jonathan Cape gave an attractive panorama of the life as well as the literature of Sweden; and one noted among particular writers the names of Hjalmar Söderberg and Per Lagerkvist. The first was born in 1869, the second in 1898, so that their work is roughly divided by the war; but the differences between them seem purely personal, and in general the terms pre-war and post-war mean comparatively little when we are dealing with Swedish literature. There have been changes of fashion in art (Lagerkvist is described as an "expressionist"), but manners and landscape are much the same. Reading the stories of Söderberg (written, many of them, forty years ago) we think less of another century than of another climate—to me a delightful climate, with its easy civilisation, its frosty, genial puritanism, its mixture of folklore and the life of the town.

Söderberg is a poetic ironist. He might be compared perhaps, when he writes of himself, with the Baudelaire of *Fanfarlo*; the figure of the poet, disillusioned but here sad rather than sardonic, is never very far from the surface. Like many poets who have turned to fiction, he is a master of lyrical detail and of a disconcerting funniness. His characteristic pieces are light, anecdotal and beautifully formed; and he never allows his own egotism—that of an ageing, subtly "different" but not altogether unsatisfied man—to overbalance his writing. Within the space of a thousand words or so we see the seasons wheel, the rain dripping from a café awning, the gnarled figure of an old peasant in a field, and perhaps a cat sitting on a doorstep in the morning sun. It is a vivid world, in which cats and dogs as well as human beings have their adventures: delightful, for example, to encounter his grandmother's tom-cat, who was usually "uncommonly sober and steady," but one night during an exceptionally hard winter came home late with his nose so frost-bitten that he went about with a tipsy expression the rest of his life. The sort of thing, one feels sympathetically, that might happen to anybody.

It is in the easy and poetic treatment of anecdote that Söderberg excels: the little conversational story of "The Parson's Cows," with its sly afterthought, is perfectly done. Possibly the present selection might have been improved by the inclusion of more pieces of this sort—I am only judging by what I have read of Söderberg in occasional anthologies. Mr. Stork's translation reads, on the whole, colloquially and well, though "divvers" and "a city councilman" appearing side by side may seem to English readers a clash of tongues. G. W. STONIER

BEECHAM EMBRACED BY GODDESSES

Beecham and Pharaoh. By ETHEL SMYTH. *Chapman and Hall.* 6*s.*

Dr. Ethel Smyth, who has won world-wide fame as the greatest, if not the only living woman composer, is almost equally renowned as a writer. Her lively pen has produced books of impressions that have entertained many readers, and she possesses in common with another well-known writer, Naomi Mitchison, a certain unusual ingenuousness which irritates some readers but entertains far more.

The present book with its intriguing title consists in the first part of an account of her personal impressions of Sir Thomas Beecham into which a certain but rather scanty number of biographical details supplied by Sir Thomas have been cunningly interwoven. The second part is autobiographical and relates various experiences and impressions of the writer obtained during a visit to Egypt. The first part of the book is on the whole much the more interesting, partly because Sir Thomas Beecham is an even more extraordinary man than Dr. Smyth is a woman, and

Just Published

QUACK, QUACK!
Leonard Woolf

Edinburgh Evening News: "The most powerful indictment of the modern dictatorships yet written." *New Statesman:* "Trenchant, lively and admirably argued . . . Mr. Woolf writes of Reason with the eloquence of a lover." Illustrated 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE BRONTËS
E. M. Delafield

Compiled from contemporary records, with an Introduction

ROGER PIPPETT (*Daily Herald*): "I wholeheartedly commend *The Brontës* to you. Its compiler has done her work in sound and distinguished style . . . and as a result these three sisters seem to live and dream and struggle again." With frontispiece, 8*s.* 6*d.*

REQUIEM, & OTHER POEMS
Rainer Maria Rilke

With a short biography by the translator, J. B. Leishman

STEPHEN SPENDER: "Rilke is one of the most significant of modern poets, and his importance is international." With frontispiece, 7*s.* 6*d.*

THE HOGARTH PRESS
52 Tavistock Square, London, W.C.

Beecham and Smyth make, as may be imagined, a superior conjunction to Smyth and Pharaoh.

Among the many incidents Dr. Ethel Smyth relates is one concerning Delius and Beecham, which is illuminating. Dr. Smyth says that she is not one whom conductors can satisfy easily and then continues :

> I contrasted myself with Delius, whom I watched one day while Beecham was rehearsing some of his music, and noted that each time Beecham turned round and asked if the tempo, or some other detail was right, Delius would reply, " Take it just as you think best, my dear fellow." I may add that Delius himself was an amusingly helpless conductor, and one day at Queen's Hall, when I asked him during the interval if they were not rather dragging the work he had been rehearsing, his answer was, " Dragging it ? I should think they were ! But what can you do if they will go on playing slower and slower ? "—a delightful and characteristic anecdote it would be a shame to keep to oneself.

It would also be a shame for the reviewer to withhold from the reader the best paragraph in Dr. Smyth's book in which after speaking of the great development of Sir Thomas Beecham during the past twenty-five years, she writes :

> The richness of his temperament has seasoned him to the point of turning him, if it be permitted to take irreverent liberties with mythology, into a sort of male Semele, whom the embraces of many fiery Goddesses have not only left unconsumed, but actually steadied and fortified !

The lack of these fiery embraces in other living English musicians is only too evident, and I think Dr. Ethel Smyth has given the correct supernatural explanation of the genius of Sir Thomas Beecham. What a pity these fiery goddesses appear so rarely on the earth and especially rarely in the city of London ! A great number of us would be the better for their embraces.

W. J. T.

FICTION ABOUT BESSARABIA

Bessarabia and Beyond. By HENRY BAERLEIN. *Methuen.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It would not be fair to Baron Munchausen to compare his adventures with the comparatively mild experiences of Mr. Baerlein. But the two travellers have at least this in common—that neither persuades you to believe a word he says. I am prepared after reading Mr. Baerlein's very amusing book to believe that he has been to Bessarabia, though a man of his ingenuity could certainly have written the entire story with the help of the British Museum Library. I dare say that Bessarabian scenery may be as unattractive as his description suggests and that the roads go anywhere and are impassable in rainy weather. I suspect the photographs too are founded on fact. For the rest, so long as one realises that Mr. Baerlein is not writing a travel book, but an unusual type of fiction, one may read every word of *Bessarabia and Beyond* with enjoyment. His technique is to note some local myth or remaining fragment of folklore and then describe what might have occurred if the legend had still been accepted. Apparently there is a Bessarabian myth that owls hoot round the house of a dying man. Mr. Baerlein therefore tells us a quite charming story of the night on which he and his friends attempted to shorten the agony of a sick man by sitting on his roof and hooting at night. Why they escaped when the victim emerged from his house with a shot-gun is not altogether clear. And then I quite fell in love with a stage horse which reversed the usual order of things and instead of carrying or pulling its mistress helped her up hills by pushing her from behind with its nose. Mr. Baerlein never minds turning a story against himself. One night he meets a lovely Cossack woman with whom he adventures amorously into a moonlit wood. She crashes his romance by telling him that she loves him so much that she wants him for a father-in-law. He flies in rage only to hear later on—the point is neatly made in the next chapter—that it is an old Cossack custom for the father-in-law to exercise the rights of a husband when the husband is himself absent. A less modest man than Mr. Baerlein would have given this story a different ending. And then there is the excellent story of the man who digs his own funeral and the monk who puts up a cross to himself. . . . But I must not spoil this book by telling more of his stories—which are almost all good and always excellently told. My only quarrel is with the publisher's blurb, which suggests that the people in this book are real and that one may learn something from it about Bessarabia. This is not fair either to Mr. Baerlein or to the prospective buyer.

K. M.

NEW NOVELS

The Jury. By GERALD BULLETT. *Dent.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A War Without a Hero. By G. E. TREVELYAN. *Secker* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Matthew's Passion. By MICHAEL GORING. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Donaldson. By ADRIAN ALINGTON. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Young Woman. By CARMAN BARNES. *Werner Laurie.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Once in his career, every modern novelist charters a yacht, books seats on an international express or signs the lease of a remote desert island, and then arranges to have a large number of different characters thrown together into close and exasperating proximity. Each character serves to unpack a separate episode. Sometimes, as in a novel I read not long ago where a group of strayed travellers were frightened out of their habitual discretion by the atmosphere of a lonely and haunted farm, the characters grow communicative through force of circumstance ; sometimes, the novelist himself unfolds their stories. Usually, there is a fragile connecting-link ; but the connection has never struck me as very genuine.

Mr. Gerald Bullett is the latest novelist to adopt this somewhat controversial method of sandwiching a series of unrelated episodes between the covers of the same book. His victims are a jury, empanelled to try a man for murder, and, besides introducing us at considerable length to each of the jurymen and jurywomen, he builds up the inner history of the alleged crime. Thus, his novel consists of two sections. On the one hand, we have *The Jury*—a collection of thumb-nail sketches which, I cannot help thinking, has very little to do with the real interest of the book ; and, on the other, portraits of the prisoner, of his mistress, wife and friend, presented partly in direct narrative, partly through the distorting mirror of legal evidence. Mr. Bullett is at his best when he is describing the Stroods' married life ; and in Daphne Strood he has drawn a convincing picture of a thoroughly mean-spirited, cross-grained, self-willed middle-class woman, shrewishly determined to get her way.

Though it seems a pity that Mr. Bullett should have extended the framework of his novel so as to include the entire jury, as well as the two characters with whom he is chiefly concerned, *The Jury* is an extremely readable book, carried out in an intelligent and lively manner. *A War Without a Hero* is an intelligent book, but not very readable. Miss Trevelyan certainly knows how to write ; but I wish that she did not mistake abruptness for vividness, and that her characters' thoughts were not perpetually cropping up in broken bits and pieces of interior monologue scattered broadcast all over the printed text. Her story would be twice as impressive if it were half as long. Incidentally, the complete aimlessness of the central character—a young woman of means who marries the blind boy she discovers on an imaginary Channel Island—lends a sort of reflected aimlessness to the whole narrative. Ann has no motive—except caprice—for marrying David, and no reason—apart from sheer sloth—for continuing to live with him once her husband has recovered his eyesight and she has realised that he no longer needs or desires her. Yet stay with him she does, sinking every day into a sordid intimacy with a family she despises and dislikes. There comes a moment when it is impossible to shake them off, when her negative and abashed husband proves to be an active tyrant. After almost four hundred gloomy, capable and unsparing pages, the reader's spirits have declined to their lowest ebb.

A critic may not subscribe to the opinion often expressed by enthusiastic amateurs of the modern novel, who declare that they find it difficult to finish a book unless they have become warmly attached to at least one of its chief characters, and yet retain a very decided prejudice in favour of the novel that includes a personage whose inner mechanism he is able to understand. I could not understand—hence I could not sympathise with—the protagonists of *A War Without a Hero* ; nor am I much at home with Matthew of *Matthew's Passion*, a sensitive, high-minded, garrulous writer who oscillates between the claims of love and duty. It is some years now since Mr. Michael Goring (then Mr. Nikolai Gubsky) produced in *Foreign Bodies* an unusually entertaining novel. Like *Foreign Bodies*, *Matthew's Passion* is somewhat diffuse ; but, unlike that memorable and pathetic picture of a family of Russian refugees struggling to adapt themselves to alien surroundings, his new book seems curiously remote from life. Only one character —that of the Polish Count, a latter-day version of Prince Myshkin

HUTCHINSON

Poignant, prophetic & profoundly interesting

MAURICE PALÉOLOGUE ★

draws aside the veil of secrecy covering those three critical years 1904—1906 in

THE TURNING POINT

Many private and highly important conversations of Edward VII, the Kaiser and the Czar, with other celebrities, are revealed for the first time

The extraordinarily successful French Secret Service work at that time resulting in the betrayal to the French, by a German Staff Officer, of the project for invading Belgium

A wonderful picture is given of Delcassé, (the author's chief) showing a man under the strain of colossal responsibility at a time when a single false step meant war

The preparations between France and England for the European War, realised even then as inevitable

with 7 maps and 8 illustrations 18/-

★ Author of "An Ambassador's Memoirs" (3 vols) each of which ran to 11 impressions

DOLLFUSS & HIS TIMES

by J D GREGORY 31 illustrations 18/-

"J D Gregory's remarkable study . . brilliantly written His crowded and valuable book"—TIMES

By the author of "On the edge of Diplomacy" (2nd imp) etc

The DEVIL's DIPLOMATS

by OPERATOR 1384

Given the carte d'identité of the Foreign Legion's Secret Service, the author found that he had to undertake dangerous and unpalatable work, spying on his fellow legionaries Authentic and sincere, the book is a vivid record of danger in the service of France illus 12/6 (Published to day)

A selection of HUTCHINSON's successful new books

FRONT EVERYWHERE
by J M N JEFFRIES
"Exhilarating pages from the life of a special correspondent"
—Sunday Times illustrated 18/-

AFRICAN LOG
by SHAW DESMOND
"A virile, vivid book"—Morning Post "Interesting and zestful"
—Daily Mail 63 illustrations 18/-

ISABEL C CLARKE's
SIX PORTRAITS
"Admirably drawn portraits . . . narrative studies of singular interest"—Daily Telegraph illus 18/-

SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL's
My 30 YEARS of SPEED
"A succession of bouts with death"—Times 50 illustrations 10/6

STRANGE STREET
by A BEVERLEY BAXTER
"Brilliantly written . . . a notable and unusual autobiography"—Morning Post illustrated 18/-

BLACK TENTS of ARABIA
by CARL R RASWAN
"A fine and vivid story"
—John o London 57 illustrations 18/-

Send for new Summer list **HUTCHINSON** & CO (Publishers) LTD LONDON EC4

—has been drawn (the novelist tells us) *sur le vif*; and poor Stas is undoubtedly his finest effort. Elsewhere, he appears to have chosen a situation and proceeded to clothe it in appropriate incident and dialogue.

Married to a hard-working and devoted wife, Matthew is ensnared by a cold, calculating, superficial woman with whom—at any rate for a time—he imagines that he has fallen deeply and passionately in love. His method of wooing Miriam is to explain the nature of his feelings at vast and wearisome length; and, whenever Matthew himself is not engaged in the type of conversational dalliance that he seems to prefer, his friend Robert provides a long-drawn and facetious commentary on men and things. If I am unjust to *Matthew's Passion*—"Tant de fanges pour un accès de trois minutes!" the reader feels inclined to exclaim, after wading through an ocean of turgid dialogue as far as page 291—it is because I enjoyed *Foreign Bodies* and have always hoped that Mr. Goring would produce another novel of equal value. His observation is alert; his style is sensitive; but both need a solider subject to bring out their quality.

As a relief from the unqualified gloom of *War Without a Hero* and the fine-drawn sentimentalism of *Matthew's Passion*, I recommend *Donaldson*—a good farce with a rather poor ending—and *Young Woman*, a bold and unselfconscious shocker. *Donaldson* is the story of a quiet bank clerk who, during his seaside holiday, meets a vivacious and effusive lady—her mannerisms bear a strong resemblance to those of Miss Violet Cork—who writes stories and "vignettes" for the magazines. They are married; and Donaldson's wife gives birth to a novel which, after a period of comparative obscurity, suddenly joins the ranks of national best-sellers. She grows immensely rich; she becomes correspondingly tiresome; and, at the end of his patience, her husband connives at her destruction by allowing her to walk along a cliff-side path when he knows that a landslip has recently carried a section of the path away. After her death—and here the book fails—Donaldson begins to behave like the hero of one of Grizelda's popular melodramas. This novel will appeal to simple tastes. In its own manner, *Young Woman* is as unsophisticated, the exciting story—written in a staccato prose, adapted at second or third hand from the author of *The Great Gatsby*—of just what may befall a pretty and penniless girl who comes up to New York looking for a job. Luckily, "the worst" never happens and Naomi is spared the fate that is worse than death; but she endures a succession of ups and downs that are far more humiliating. Miss Barnes has a genuine descriptive knack that peeps out through the fervid intricacies of her prose style.

PETER QUENNELL

SHAVE

in comfort . .

Use Parke-Davis Shaving Cream for one week and you will always shave thus! That is why we gladly give you a seven-day tube.

Wherever it is used it makes friends and customers; and the more you have tried different shaving soaps, sticks, powders and creams, the more you will be delighted with the comfort and efficiency of the newest perfected beard softener. Large tube 1/6, From Chemists only.

with . .

PARKE-DAVIS
Shaving Cream

Send to Euthymol (119/41) 50, Beak Street, London, W.1., for a free sample tube of Parke-Davis Shaving Cream.

SHORTER NOTICES

A Short Introduction to the History of Human Stupidity. By WALTER P. PITKIN. *Allen and Unwin.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Pitkin who is, needless to say, an American, has discovered what is the matter with the world. The trouble is that we are all stupid. From the dawn of history the stupidities that men have done in their lives have lived after them; their intelligence was interred with their bones. Only the stupid, thick-skinned dullards among primitive man could survive the bad fish, the frightful temperatures of the Ice Age; only the stupid could stand either the rigour or boredom of colonisation. The intelligent man was and still is the first to succumb. It is unnecessary to pursue the contradictions, absurdities and *non sequiturs* of Mr. Pitkin's two hundred thousand word carnival of argument gone mad. The amusement of his book lies in its mass of anecdotes, potted biographies, jazzed-up history and out-of-the-way information. He appears, for example, to be an authority on the stupefying effects of hookworm, alcohol and syphilis which, he thinks, ensure fatal absences of intelligence upon the part of the majority of mankind at the present day. He revels in statistics, funny stories and case histories and his book rambles on like one of those long portentous American jokes of the "shaggy dawg" variety, culminating in the proposal that the intelligent should all get together on the Pacific coast and keep the stupid people like the Verlaines, the Irish, the Russians and the mentally defective Smiths out of it where they can cause no further trouble to society.

Half Mile Down. By WILLIAM BEEBE. *Lane.* 18*s.*

Fishes and Their Ways of Life. By LOUIS ROULE. Translated by CONRAD ELPHINSTONE. *Routledge.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Two fascinating books. Dr. Beebe in his "Bathysphere" descended over 3,000 feet below the surface of the sea, and found there deep waters far more thickly populated than trawling had led him to expect. This first exploration of regions hitherto inaccessible opens to the zoologist a vast field in which a mysterious life is led in extraordinary conditions by a vast number of unknown species, some of them blind, and many of them luminous. The general reader will find this a whizzing adventure-story. Professor Roule's essays, excellently translated, are cultivated, informative, and highly readable. Intelligent persons of any age between twelve and a hundred and twelve will enjoy them, and they can be recommended specially to all who have been fascinated by the superb Aquarium in the London Zoo.

An Angler's Week-end Book. By ERIC TAVERNER and JOHN MOORE. *Seeley Service.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Imitation is the sincerest flattery and this volume follows, as closely as possible, *The Week-end Book* (Nonesuch, 6*s.*) which, whatever its defects, has proved its merits by sales extending into six figures. Since most anglers can only actually fish for a week or two during the year and have to spend the remainder in a pipe-dream induced by reading tackle catalogues, oiling their reels and varnishing their rods, it is perhaps true that all books for fishermen are welcome. But since they tend to be serious men, there is too much quaintness and facetiousness here and not enough of what one expects from the author of *Divers Ways to Tackle Trout* (Chatto and Windus, 5*s.*). Mr. Taverner gives an excellent resumé of his chapter on river entomology in that book, but he is painfully facetious about the management of coracles. There are sections on the Law, Fishermen's Weeds, Cooking (mostly worthless), Hints and Recipes (ditto). A dictionary of Angling terms; English-Norwegian (worth while this), etc. Some are good, others bad. There is no guidance as to where to fish or reference to the new maps which show where fishing is to be had at the week-end. As a whole the pot-pourri is decidedly inferior to that invaluable little work *The Fisherman's Vademecum*, by G. W. Maunsell (Philip Allan, 5*s.* 6*d.*) published two years ago. It boils down to the question of space. While Maunsell gives the hints one cannot find elsewhere, *The Angler's Week-end Book* wastes time talking of swans and Leda "who was probably poor but honest like the girl in the Cockney song"—an unlikely supposition considering she was the grand-daughter of the God of War and that she later became deified as Nemesis.

Writing and Writing Patterns. By MARION RICHARDSON. Teacher's Book, 2*s.* 6*d.*, and Five Books of Copies, 6*d.* each. *University of London.*

Miss Richardson is well known for her extraordinary success in teaching drawing to children. She has now devised a method for teaching writing which promises to be most important. The child is first taught to make patterns based on the simple forms which we use as letters and figures—zig-zags, loops, squares, etc. Having thus learnt the movements required, he can begin cursive writing with vastly increased ease. The writing books are produced with the greatest taste, and deserve the attention of all who are responsible for small children.

Book Society Choice
Daily Mail Choice

THE JURY

GERALD BULLETT'S
murder-trial novel

HUGH WALPOLE: 'An enthralling, absorbing book, filled with real people, and showing a restless enquiry into the real meaning of life.'—*Book Society News.*

JOHN BROPHY: 'A novel to revel in. The final disclosure will make many a detective-story writer grow haggard with envy.'—*Time and Tide.*

SYLVIA LYND: 'A brilliant novel of sensation and character. A novel to be read with zest.'—*Harper's Bazaar.* 7/6

The Mistletoe Child

HERBERT PALMER

VISCOUNT SNOWDEN writes: 'This entrancing book is so charmingly written . . . I have enjoyed every minute.' With late-Victorian photographs. 10/6

The Cherry Minder

FRANK KENDON

A rarely individual poet presents a new collection of lyrics, in Dent's uniform half-crown poetry series. 2/6

Cottage Angles

NORAH JAMES

A garden, the seasons, a village — seen through the sensitive mind of a fine writer. With wood engravings by Gwendolen Raverat. 5/-

MARTIN BOYD'S NOVEL

LEMON FARM

HOWARD SPRING: 'Even better than *Scandal of Spring*. He has an exquisitely sure touch for delineating the grip of a first passion.'—*Evening Standard.*

JOSEPH SELL: 'It will stand out in the memory when a host of other modern novels are forgotten.'—*Manchester Evening News.* 7/6

DENT

NORTH WALES—

discovering new beauties

The beautiful coast of North Wales borders an even greater beauty. Although Llandudno, Colwyn Bay, Rhyl and the rest of them are magnificent resorts, they can be bases from which to make expeditions of discovery to Snowdon and Llanberis Pass, Llanrwst and Bettws-y-Coed. By visiting these places you will come to know a land of rugged peaks, peaceful lakes and swift mountain torrents that will ever remain with you a vivid memory.

To explore it all properly get a Holiday Contract Ticket as soon as you arrive; it costs only 10/- and with it you can travel for a week by any train in the district between Prestatyn and Afonwen (including the inland lines to Llanberis, Bethesda, Blaenau Festiniog and Ruthin), as well as in Anglesey.

Travel to North Wales with a "Monthly Return Ticket." It costs only a penny a mile (three-halfpence a mile first class). Go by any train and, if you want to, break your journey on the route on the outward and the homeward journey.

"Holidays by L M S" (the comprehensive resorts and apartments guide)—6d. from L M S Stations, Offices, Bookstalls and Booksellers. Get a copy of "L M S Cheap Fares" and Illustrated Folder "North Wales" (free) from any L M S Station or Office.

Tourist Tickets available for three months—issued May to October.

L M S "INEXPENSIVE HOLIDAYS"—full board and accommodation and delightful sightseeing tours *all in the one charge.* Ask for descriptive booklet.

LONDON MIDLAND & SCOTTISH RAILWAY

The Agricultural Register (1934-5). *Agricultural Economics Research Institute, Oxford.* 5s.

Mr. C. S. Orwin and his colleagues in the Institute are to be congratulated on this second annual volume of the *Register*, which is even better than its predecessor. It reviews, clearly and in a well-arranged form, the legislative and administrative changes in British agriculture during the year, the various quotas and subsidies, the progress of the Marketing Board schemes. It contains also chapters dealing with agricultural supplies and prices, labour conditions and other relevant matters. It is a model reference-book, invaluable alike to the student, the journalist and anyone interested in agricultural policy and in the cost of his bread and his bacon and his milk.

The Ancient World: A Beginning. By T. R. GLOVER. *Cambridge University Press.* 7s. 6d.

The sub-title which Mr. Glover has chosen for this introduction to "a story still being unfolded" most happily describes it. For it is a beginning to the study of the Graeco-Roman world to which he has devoted his life, and also the story of the beginning of European civilisation, the end of which we must hope, in spite of the dangers that beset it, is not yet. It is the peculiar value of the book that its narrative keeps close to the intimate lines of the peoples who lived in the democracies, tyrannies, oligarchies, kingdoms and empires whose waxing and waning are described. Dr. Glover has a happy gift of domesticating his learning, and he will be a dunce indeed who reading this "beginning" will not be fired by the spirit that informs it to seek more and more knowledge of the world through which Dr. Glover moves so freely and so naturally. The story opens somewhere about 1,200 B.C. and closes in the Age of Constantine, though we are made aware of the earlier civilisations into which the Greek intruded and from which he borrowed so freely, and are always conscious that the stirring of the mind he initiated has never since ceased.

Recollections of a Geographer. By E. A. REEVES. *Seeley Service.* 8s. 6d.

Among the illustrations to this book there are two plates, one showing the mapping of the earth when Mr. Reeves entered the service of the Royal Geographical Society, in 1878, and the other showing the mapping when he retired in 1933. During his fifty-five years of service in the map room, of which he became curator, Mr. Reeves saw the actual exploration of the earth practically completed, and nearly the whole of it mapped, though for the most part roughly, even to-day only a comparatively small area being accurately mapped. It has been Mr. Reeves's lot to share in this work by serving returning explorers and by instructing those about to take up the work of exploration, and he has therefore much to tell us of the famous men who have been associated with the Society. He has also many good stories to tell of his pupils, among which perhaps the best is the answer given to a question with regard to Magellan's voyage across the Pacific. "Well," wrote the student, "in those days the sailor had only the wind and the mercy of God to rely on, so it was a very risky business." His women pupils seem at first to have disconcerted Mr. Reeves, but Gertrude Bell made full amends for the flightiness of some of her predecessors. Mr. Reeves has several useful inventions to his credit, and the chapter on "some original work" will probably prove to the initiated the most valuable in the book.

Lederer Bids Two Clubs. By R. LEDERER. *Williams and Norgate.* 6s.

The novice will find this book packed with valuable advice, and the expert will be interested in Mr. Lederer's exposition of his use of the Two Club Convention. The Old Guard of Bridge-players make a great show of righteous indignation with conventions, but it is really only new conventions which shock them. They would indeed be equally indignant if their partners did not observe the old conventions derived from whist, such as petering. The Two Club has notable advantages over the other forcing conventions, and Mr. Lederer is a most lucid and intelligent writer. A book to buy.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

I DO wish the H.M.V. Company would abandon the practice of "fading in and out" at the beginning and end of records. This procedure, which recalls the old film method of shutting and opening the iris of the camera between each sequence, spoils several bars on each page of the work, in performance, and is in every way more irritating than the old custom of abrupt cessation. Whoever the Mr. Hore-Belisha of the gramophone world may be, he should give up this experiment.

This remonstrance is *à propos* of the new records of Beethoven's *Ninth Symphony*, made by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski (H.M.V. D.B. 2327–35), which constitute this month's chief feature. Indeed, in these meagre summer months (the Lent of the connoisseur collector), this very large mouthful comes as a pleasant surprise. Unfortunately, the performance and the recording are only fairly good; both lack the authority, the fullness of sound, and the brilliance of the recent recordings of the *Eroica* and the Schubert C Major symphonies. The tone is not ideally clear, especially in the first movement, and the famous drum passages in the scherzo are abominably feeble and muffled. The tempi, on the other hand, are admirably managed, a point of enormous importance in this symphony, where it is quite possible to ruin the effect of any of the four movements by any considerable departure from Beethoven's metronome marks. Stokowski takes the first movement a little faster than Weingartner, and in this I think he is right, though his slowing down for the tremendous unison passage at the close seems to me a bad mistake. I seem to remember that he does the same thing—quite unwarranted by the score—at the end of Sibelius' *Fourth Symphony*. This is "interpretation" in the bad sense of the word. The adagio, on the other hand, is beautifully played, and the last movement is the most successful of the four, both in performance and recording. The chorus sings very well and manages to convey the minimum of overtones. I hope the number of people who consider this movement a failure is rapidly decreasing. Every time I hear it I am more impressed by the formal originality, the majesty of the design, the astonishing exhilaration of the music, and its mysterious depths of joy—a joy that is very far from happiness. This, not Scriabin's, is the true Poem of Ecstasy, a rapture that reaches its height in the soaring cadenza for solo quartet (very well sung, this) just before the final coda. On the whole, perhaps, in view of the expense of the set, I should advise readers to wait for a more satisfactory rendering.

Szigeti gives a very fine performance of Mozart's well-known D major *Violin Concerto*, accompanied by the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Sir Thomas Beecham (Col. LX 386–8). These are the best records that Columbia have issued for some time. Personally, I would rather listen to Szigeti than to any other violinist alive—not excluding Kreisler. His artistry is perfect (which is more than can be said of Kreisler, with his perpetual "all-out" tone); and he gives this work, which is Mozart at his most deliciously romantic, its full lyrical beauty. You should buy these records, then; but if you are feeling poor

THE END OF THE ROAD

Virginia cigarettes—their name is legion. But as you light up a Balkan Sobranie Virginia No. 40 you realise what you have missed all these years. Its very title is an omen, its smoking is a revelation. Here is hand-making producing, as only deft fingers can, a cigarette of pure Virginia leaf well within the reach of means which hold cheapness cheap, and perfection to be worth its price.

Balkan Sobranie

HAND MADE

VIRGINIA No. 40 CIGARETTES

2/- per box of 25, also in Enamelled Tins at 4/- per 50 and 8/- per 100.

Sole Makers:—A. WEINBERG, 33 Newman St., Oxford St., W.1

CVS-222

Control that Danger Curve and enjoy a more active life

British Patent No. 279477

DO sagging abdominal muscles overtax your strength? Are you easily tired because of the strain of abdominal girth? It is often the penalty men of sedentary habit pay for devotion to their duty. The abdominal region first shows the effect of lack of physical condition. Fatty infiltration starts, and a whole vicious circle of muscle and organ degeneration begins. You do not play such a good game of golf. You do not ride so well. You are hampered even in your walking.

The Linia Belt supports your abdominal organs, rests your abdominal muscles, and has a corrective massaging action upon excess fat. You enjoy an immediate sense of increased fitness and bodily vigour. The Linia Belt is anatomically correct and gives to your movements like a well-fitting glove.

Write to-day for "The Danger Curve," a free booklet telling you how the Linia Belt promotes health and ensures comfort.

YOU CAN ORDER BY POST

We will fit you personally if you are able to call; but we also guarantee perfect fitting if you will send us by post only *your* maximum girth measurement, stating the depth of belt required in front (usually 9 or 10 inches).

The prices of the Linia Belt, including a Linia Jock Strap, are: Popular model, 3½ gns. (Black 4 gns.). De Luxe model in pure silk, extra light quality, 6 gns. (Black 7 gns.). Standard model, 2 gns. C.O.D. 1/- extra.

Money returned if dissatisfied

On Sale Only at

J. V. ROUSSEL, 173 Regent St., London, W.1

City Branch: 43 Cheapside, E.C.2. *Telephone: Regent 7570*

BIRMINGHAM: 14 New St. L'POOL: 6 Sth. John St., Lord St. MANCHESTER: 12 King St.

L 44

Sir Herbert Barker SHOES

A message from Sir Herbert Barker, the eminent specialist in Manipulative Surgery.

"My interest in these shoes is strictly orthopædic, the main consideration being to give health to the community as a whole. Experience has proved to me that many obscure conditions of ill-health are attributable to ill-fitting shoes."

Herbert Barker

In connection with the request that was made to allow his name to be used Sir Herbert adds:—

"I had never before allowed my name to be used in connection with any proposition of a commercial nature, but after a momentary hesitation I agreed to the suggestion. For this appeared to be a case of which I might well make an exception, especially if by so doing I could save people from ruining their feet and enable them to enjoy the benefit of the shoes that had meant so much to me. I am delighted now that I did so."

The Sir Herbert Barker Shoe for men and women is obtainable in many pleasing styles from leading agents in over 100 towns. Made in over 100 different fittings. (*Sports Models now available.*)

● **WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET**

describing how Sir Herbert Barker discovered the ideal Shoe—also copy of "Truth" investigation. A postcard will do.

NORVIC SHOE Co., Dept. 8, NORTHAMPTON

The EXTRA QUALITY VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

Smoke one slowly .... here you have a cigarette filled with the choicest and mildest Virginia leaf, subtly blended by true craftsmen to appeal to the most critical of smokers.

20 FOR 1/4
50 ,, 3/3
100 ,, 6/4

50 (Tins) 3/4
Plain only

PLAYER'S

NUMBER 3

PLAIN OR CORK-TIPPED

3.P.26.A

and decide to limit yourself to a couple of records this month, I very strongly advise you to invest in Sir Hamilton Harty's new version of Handel's *Royal Fireworks Suite*, played by the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by the transcriber (Col. LX 389–90). I cannot imagine that this work could fail of its appeal to anyone to whom music is more than a mere means of making his companion speak up brightly between the soup and the savoury. It is, in fact, one of the most wholly delightful pieces in existence—music which is the expression of a magnificent optimism, of Augustan certainty of the rightness, solidity and beauty of the world for which it was written. The quick movements are superbly gay and the *Siciliana* is one of the most lovely tunes its composer ever imagined. Sir Hamilton Harty's orchestration is as felicitous as that of the better known *Water Music*; his writing for the wind instruments is particularly succulent.

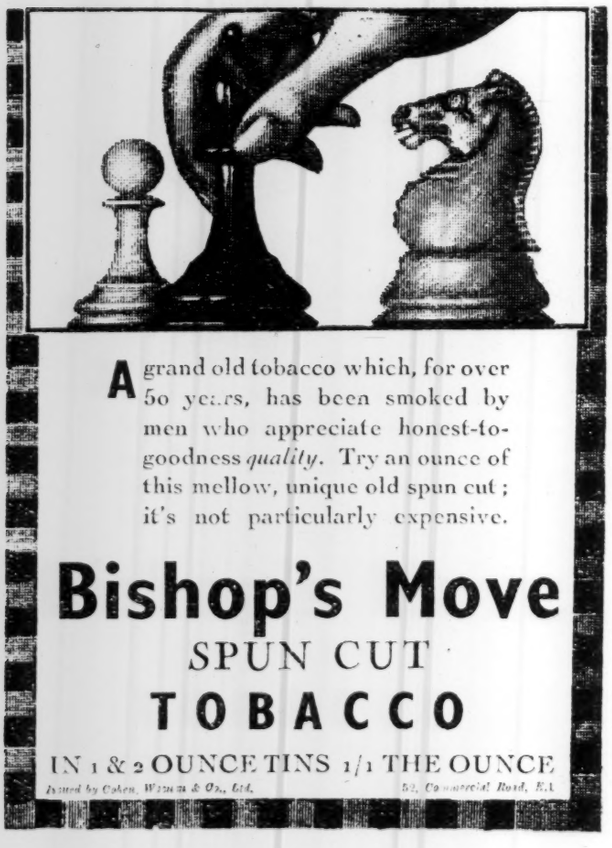
A portentous record now faces me in the shape of Saint-Saëns's duet, "Mon coeur s'ouvre à ta voix," from *Samson and Delilah*, sung by M. Georges Thill and Mme. G. Cernay, with orchestral accompaniment (Col. LX 385). The rendering is quite excellent. M. Thill's high B flat at the end is worth buying the record to hear. I wonder, though, how many people will want to buy it for any other reason, that they really enjoy the song, for instance. . . . "Everybody knows," said Mr. Ernest Newman once, in his superb way, "that *Samson and Delilah* is a dull and stupid opera." But *does* everybody know it? On the contrary, I am prepared to bet that there are still a great many people whose bosoms surge opulently in rhythm with Saint-Saëns's disgusting melody, and whose eyes fill with tears at the vision of Delilah, sitting there enveloped in yards of voile and hiding the scissors behind her back until Samson has decided to come off that last high note and she can stop caressing his abundant Clarkson wig, which has been reposing so odiously long upon her knees. "Superior!" did I hear you say? Not at all; but if I can't have Mozart or Wagner in the theatre, I prefer to listen to Gershwin. Or to Weber. Tiana Lemnitz's singing of the big aria, "When Sleep is Coming," and the Cavatina from *Der Freischütz* (orchestral accompaniment under Leo Blech: Decca LY 6108) is exquisite. It is a very quiet rendering, full of lovely sustained phrasing. Note especially the end of the recitative in the aria.

Those on the look-out for curiosities would do well to try over the records of Jewish folk-songs made by Wolf Lewi and the Macchabi Choir (Decca F 5553–6). These *mélopées* have a good deal of nostalgic charm. The minor mode, of course, prevails, and one hears echoes of Russian folk-rhythms and melodic progressions. They are also very well sung. Those which attracted me most are called "Minhag Ghadash" and "Shirath Hashomeir."

Walt Disney fans (who dares not to be one?) will want to acquire the record of the *Pied Piper* (Decca K 755). The effect of this on the gramophone is brilliant and delightful, quite apart from the film.

I cannot recommend many dance records this month, from any point of view. Inquiries put to my friends elicited the fact that what they chiefly expect from a dance tune is what they briefly described as Sex Appeal. None of the records which I have received this month seem to me to exhibit this quality in a marked degree. *Glamorous Night*, the waltz from the successful show (Maurice Winnick and Orch., Decca F 5522), is not nearly glamorous enough (four out of ten for S.A.). *Orchids to My Lady* (Ambrose and Orch., Decca F 5518) is quite a pretty tune, but again only deserves about five out of ten for S.A. On the other hand, *Tiger Rag* and *Some of These Days*, sung, played, mouthed, thumped, scratched, teased and rubbed by the Mills Brothers, with the help only of a single guitar, are a neat, discreet, and unimaginably skilful stunt. No S.A., though.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST


A grand old tobacco which, for over 50 years, has been smoked by men who appreciate honest-to-goodness *quality*. Try an ounce of this mellow, unique old spun cut; it's not particularly expensive.
Bishop's Move
SPUN CUT
TOBACCO
IN 1 & 2 OUNCE TINS 1/1 THE OUNCE
Issued by Cohen, Weenen & Co., Ltd. 52, Commercial Road, E.1

Week-end Competitions

No. 274

Set by Hubert Waley

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an entry in a diary ending up "on the whole not a very good day!" Contributions must not exceed 300 words

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, June 21st.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 272

Set by T. W. Earp

The custom of providing works of fiction with an alternative title might well be revived. Its object was presumably expository as with *Moby Dick* or *The White Whale*, or mystifying as with *Eric* or *Little by Little*. In any case it gave the author the opportunity of a two-fold appeal to the public and in the first instance saved the reviewer the trouble of reading the book. A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea are offered for the best list of alternative (and printable) titles to the following six works:

(1) *Ulysses*.
(2) *Flush*.
(3) *Brave New World*.
(4) *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.
(5) *The Good Companions*.
(6) *The Glastonbury Romance*.

Report by T. W. Earp

The greater number of competitors seized on this problem as an opportunity for vengeance. Their fury at the time wasted over the perusal of these half-dozen unfortunate works has found vent in many pretty phrases of concentrated commination. It is disconcerting to think of the number of novel-readers who must take their pleasure so painfully. *Ulysses*, of which *The Burst Sewer* is typical in this class of alternative title, has come in for the hardest knocks, but *The Glastonbury Romance* seems also to have caused a good deal of bitterness. On the other hand, *Lady Chatterley's Lover* and *The Good Companions* have met with almost unanimous favour, and both apparently as tales of whimsical sentimentality. But criticism of the books, of however neat

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. The Flying Trapeze. W. & S.

DALY'S. Chase The Ace. Sats.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

GAIETY. Gay Deceivers. Tues. & Thurs.

GLOBE. Grief Goes Over. Tues., Thurs.

HIPPODROME. Yes, Madam? Thurs., Sat.

LYCEUM. "Iernin." Wed., 2.30.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed. & Sat.

PHOENIX. Viceroy Sarah. Thurs. & Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

WESTMINSTER. Hamlet Wed. & Sat.

WYNDHAM'S. Sweet Aloes. Wed. & Sat.

OPERA AND BALLET

GLYNDEBOURNE
FESTIVAL OPERA HOUSE,
Lewes, Sussex.
LAST THREE WEEKS
terminating Sat., June 29th.
1935
MOZART FESTIVAL
Prospectus on application giving times of performances and travel facilities.

LYCEUM. Tem. 3612. POPULAR PRICES.
Wednesday next at 8. First Mat., June 26, at 2.30.
THE NEW CELTIC GRAND OPERA
"IERNIN."

THEATRES

ALDWYCH. EVENINGS, 8.30. Tem. 6404.
Mats., WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
THE DOMINANT SEX.
By Michael Egan.

ALHAMBRA. (Whi. 2525.) Evenings 8.30.
Matinees, Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
THE FLYING TRAPEZE.
An ERIK CHARELL Production.
JUNE CLYDE. IVY ST. HELIER. FRED EMNEY.

COMEDY. EVENINGS at 8.30. Whi. 2578.
Mats., TUESDAY & THURSDAY at 2.30.
ANDRE CHARLOT & ROBERT NESBITT present
JUNE in the New Musical Show,
"SHALL WE REVERSE?"

DALY'S. Ger. 2157. Evgs., 8.30. Mat., Sat., 2.30.
"CHASE THE ACE."
WINIFRED SHOTTER, EDWARD CHAPMAN,
MARIE LOHR, ERIC PORTMAN, GEO. RELPH.

DRURY LANE. 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
MARY ELLIS, IVOR NOVELLO in
GLAMOROUS NIGHT,
with LYN HARDING, BARRY JONES.

DUCHESS. Tem. 8243. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
EMLYN WILLIAMS in his own Play
NIGHT MUST FALL,
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GAIETY. Tem. 6991. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tu., Th., 2.30.
GAY DECEIVERS.
CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD, CLIFFORD MOLLISON,
CLAIRE LUCE, GINA MALO, DAVID HUTCHESON.

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. Evenings, 8.30.
Mats., Tues. & Thurs., at 2.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE in
"GRIEF GOES OVER."
A Comedy. By MERTON HODGE.

HIPPODROME. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 3272).
BOBBY HOWES & BINNIE HALE in
"YES, MADAM?"
VERA PEARCE, WYLIE WATSON, BERTHA BELMORE.

LYRIC. (Ger. 3686). 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Gilbert Miller presents
TOVARICH.
CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

PHOENIX. Temple Bar 8611.
EVGS., 8.30. Mats., THURS. and SAT. 2.30.
IRENE VANBRUGH in
VICEROY SARAH.

QUEEN'S. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. (Ger. 4517).
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
London's Longest Run. Now in its 2nd Year.
Celia Johnson. Robert Harris.

ST. MARTIN'S. Temple Bar 1443.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Fri., 2.30.
THE TWO MRS. CARROLLS.
Leslie Banks, Elena Miramova, Louise Hampton.

STRAND. (Tem. Bar 2660). Smoking.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Tues. & Thurs., 2.30.
1066 AND ALL THAT.
A Revue with Music.

WESTMINSTER, Palace St., S.W.1. (Vic. 0283).
MONDAY NEXT, June 17th,
HAMLET,
with MICHAEL MACLIAMMÓIR.
NIGHTLY 7.45. MATS., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
7s. to 1s. 6d. incl., all bookable.

WYNDHAM'S. Temple Bar 3028.
Evenings 8.30. Matinees, Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
DIANA WYNYARD in
SWEET ALOES, by Jay Mallory.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
YVONNE PRINTEMPS in
"LA DAME AUX CAMELIAS" (A),
with
PIERRE FRESNAY.

EVERYMAN (Opposite Hampstead Tube Station).
Monday next, PAULA WESSELY in
"SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE" (A).
Also Vernon Bartlett's *"THUNDER IN THE AIR"* (A).
Special SHORTS, CARTOON & NEWS.
Parking facilities. Seats bookable by 'phone, Ham. 2285.

REPERTORY THEATRES

BIRMINGHAM **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30.
Princess Toto.
By W. S. Gilbert, Music by Frederic Clay.

CROYDON **Repertory.**
Evenings 8. Mon. and Sat., 5 & 8.15.
Eden End. By J. B. Priestley

HARROGATE **White Rose Players.**
Evenings 8.15. Sat., 6.35 & 9.
The Torchbearers. By George Kelly.

LIVERPOOL **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.45. Mat. Sat., 2.30.
The Matriarch. By G. B. Stern.

MANCHESTER **Repertory.**
Evenings 7.30.
An Enemy of the People. By Ibsen.

NORTHAMPTON **Repertory.**
Evenings 6.30 & 8.50.
Without Witness.
By Anthony Armstrong & Harold Simpson.

The Repertory Theatres whose announcements appear above are members of the Association of Repertory Theatres. *For information concerning Theatres belonging to this Association, or qualified to belong to it, apply to the Honorary Secretary, Bache Matthews, 7 Tavistock Place, London, W.C.1.*

RESTAURANTS

AH well, if you've not been to RULES you have missed a lot in life. . . . Maiden Lane (Covent Garden). Lunch, Dinner or late Supper (licensed till midnight). Est. 1780

GARDEN PARTY

THE SOCIALIST LEAGUE will hold a GARDEN PARTY and FAIR at King Alfred School, North End Road, Golders Green, on Saturday, July 6th, to be opened at 3 p.m. by Mr. D. N. PRITT, K.C. Entertainments, Sideshows, Dancing, Refreshments. Admission 1s. Indoors if wet.

CHARITIES

FACTORY GIRLS' COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND Chairman, Lady Loch. FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED. Hundreds of the poorest working girls hoping for a week or more at the sea during the next few months.—Gifts thankfully acknowledged by the HON. TREASURER, or MISS CANNEY, 75 Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

SEVEN PILLARS OF WISDOM The complete unabridged edition of Col. T. E. Lawrence's famous book will be published in August. Price 30/-. May we reserve a copy for you?

THE ODYSSEY A few copies of Colonel Lawrence's translation of the Odyssey of Homer, in the original first edition of 500 copies, are available at £16/16.

J. & E. BUMPUS Ltd.
Booksellers to His Majesty the King.
477 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone—Mayfair 3601 *Between North Audley Street and Park Street*

JOIN IN
THIS MAGNIFICENT WORK

The standard of duty and sacrifice of our Life-Boatmen in their rescue work is traditional

Will you, too, play your part?

One million five shillings each year are needed to maintain the Life-Boat Service.

Send whatever you can afford in pounds, shillings or pence.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
Life-Boat House, 42 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.
THE EARL OF HARROWBY, Honorary Treasurer. LT.-COL. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E. Secretary.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

A Postal Subscription to any address in the world costs: One Year, post free, 30s. Six months, post free, 15s. Three months, post free, 7s. 6d. and should be addressed to: The Manager, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

a terseness, was not what the problem invited, and, as the accompanying indication showed, it was to be envisaged rather from the author's than the reader's point of view. Thus, as the author would be as little likely openly to puff as at all to condemn his offspring by his sub-title, the majority of the solutions have to be ruled out. Good answers of the kind needed were *Flush* or *Victorian Tailpiece* (J. R. Till), *Ulysses* or *Love in Bloom* (Ernest Fellowes), *Brave New World* or *What is Home Without a Mother?* (Mrs. E. M. Waterhouse), and *The Glastonbury Romance* or *Two on a Tor* (G. R.); but the other items of these competitors' lists were not so happy. With regard to the two lists to which the decision has been awarded, it may be protested that, keeping to the author's point of view, a novelist would not choose an alternative title identical with, or resembling, the name of some other book. But there is always the possibility of his being unaware of the existence of any books but his own. Were that not the case, indeed, there would not be so many novels as there are. So the awards are as follows:

FIRST PRIZE

Ulysses or *The Restless Man.*
Flush or *Poet's Pup.*
Brave New World or *The Logical Conclusion.*
Lady Chatterley's Lover or *The Gamekeeper's Bird.*
The Good Companions or *Decent Fellows.*
The Glastonbury Romance or *All's Well That Ends.*

F. W. P. BARNES

SECOND PRIZE

Ulysses or *The Pathfinder.*
Flush or *Love Me, Love My Dog.*
Brave New World or *The Quest of the Absolute.*
Lady Chatterley's Lover or *The Cuckoo in the Nest.*
The Good Companions or *Merely Players.*
The Glastonbury Romance or *Ethics of the Dust.*

E. M. E. BLYTH

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 129.—FLOWER-SHOW

Seven residents in our village are keen exhibitors at the local flower-show. Their names are: Mr. Aster, Mr. Dahlia, Mr. Geranium, Mr. Phlox, Mr. Rose, Mr. Snapdragon, Mr. Sweetpea.

Each of them is the namesake of a flower which one of the others grows.

Mr. Phlox is brother-in-law to the Sweetpea-grower. Mr. Dahlia cannot bear Roses. Mr. Snapdragon has never met the grower of Geraniums. Mr. Rose and the Dahlia-grower each married the other's sister. Mr. Sweetpea has never played cards in his life. Four of the seven, however, have organised a regular bridge four; each member of this four grows a flower which is another member's namesake. Mr. Aster is an only child. Mr. Phlox detests bridge.

What flowers, respectively, do the seven exhibitors grow?

PROBLEM 127.—SEA FEVER

The Rear-Admiral commanding the Red Fleet should send three battleships to Ayport and two to Beeport.

This disposition is made on the basis of maximum point-expectancy. The distribution of the Blue fleet is determined purely by chance, and hence each of ten distributions is equally likely. The Red Admiral must consider what his average expectancy will be, given each of his possible counter-distribution, and must select that which produces the highest average. This is as above.

Note.—There are 21 possible distributions of the Red Fleet, but a cursory examination will show that a number of these are not worth considering in detail. The most likely are:

Battleships to			*Average*
A	*B*	*C*	*point-expectancy.*
3	2	—	2.9
2	2	1	2.5
3	1	1	2.4
2	3	—	2.2

PROBLEM 126.—ROAD HOGS

A set of Low's Cartoons goes to: Andrew Nisbet, Crown House, George Square, Edinburgh 8.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

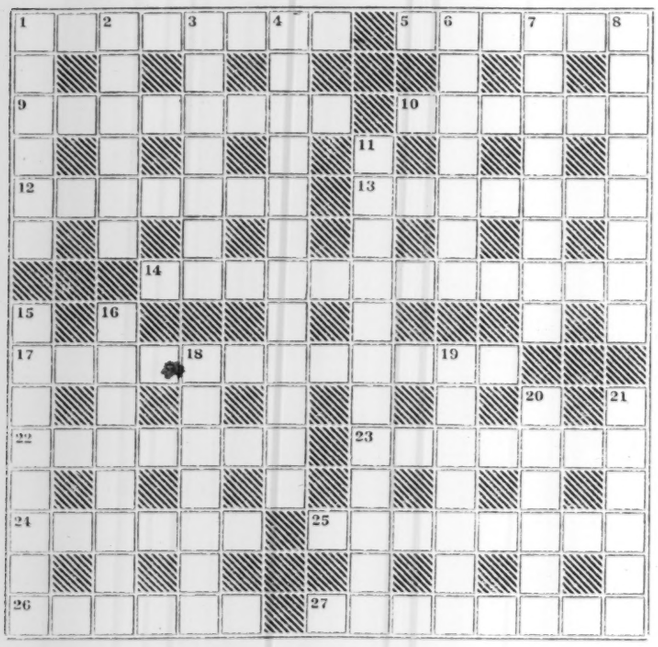
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 275

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Miss Haydon, 224 Langley Way, West Wickham, Kent.

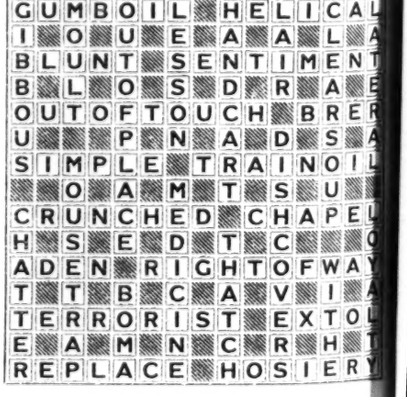
ACROSS

1. Their victims require arnica of course.
5. Badly broken slates.
9. Holiday with hair down?
10. The Roman peace finally broken.
12. Not at all customary.
13. A fruitful place.
14. Washes in the bedding, not bedding in the wash.
17. One gets stranded when one leaves this financial centre westwards.
22. Supplied part of the light at a famous midnight funeral.
23. Famous Dane's saintly name.
24. Is nothing a hindrance speaking pressingly?
25. Grasp firmly to stop.
26. A stinger unless you 25.
27. I change for my double.

DOWN.

1. Lie back on a bit of fish.
2. Does this describe the freedom of the 11?
3. Oil acts in a painfully indifferent way.
4. Virtuous leaning on the parade ground.
6. A hackneyed vehicle without doubt.
7. The Immortal Flower.
8. Obviously would not uphold the middle course.
11. Not the place for a classical education.
15. Sir Gareth's domestic job.
16. Noticeable opposite of "walk in."
18. Sartorial indication of dirty work on hand.
19. Late relief to the weary bowler.
20. Human beings grow old in this household.
21. Diligent without us.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD


GUMBOIL HELICAL
I O U E A A L A
BLUNT SENTIMENT
B L O S D R A E
OUTOFTOUCH BRER
U P N A D S A
SIMPLE TRAINOIL
O A M T S U
CRUNCHED CHAPEL
H S E D T C O
ADEN RIGHTOFWAY
T T B C A V I A
TERRORIST EXTOL
E A M N C R H T
REPLACE HOSIERY

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

THACKERAY HOTEL.
OPPOSITE the British Museum, Gt. Russell St., W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous Private Bathrooms. Bedroom. Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

ARUNDEL HOTEL, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.2. Overlooking Thames and Embankment Gardens. Very quiet. 100 rooms. Modern equipment. Room, Breakfast and Bath from 9s. 6d.

WHERE to Stay in London.—THE LODGE, 1 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast 5s. a night or 30s. weekly (one night only 5s. 6d.). With dinner, 6s. 6d. or 2 guineas weekly.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD. St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1

CHELSEA.—Comfortable bed-sitting rooms with hot and cold water, gas fires and electric light, breakfasts, baths, attendance, from 27s. 6d., double 3 guineas, 6s. per night. Dinners optional.—Flaxman House, 105 Oakley Street, S.W.3. Flaxman 7284.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

YORKSHIRE Dales. 1 mile Aysgarth, 8 miles Buckden. Comfortable guesthouse for energetic or restful holidays. Full or partial board residence. SMITH, Warnford, Thoralby, Aysgarth, near Leyburn.

THE OLD MILL CLUB AND HOTEL, West Harnham. SALISBURY
Large Countrified bedrooms with good attendance. Candle-lit 13th Century Refectory for meals. River bathing. Riding. Delightful Trips. Excellent Food. Terms from 3½ gns. per week.

BUTTERMERE. "Most beautiful valley in England." Victoria Golf Hotel. Swiss balconies. 4½ Gns. Hot water and electricity in all bedrooms.

CORNWALL. Farmhouse board-residence. Near sea and golf. Beautifully situated. Photographs. MRS. JELBERT, Trewhiddle, St. Austell.

ALDERSHOT TATTOO—Within very easy reach (only twelve miles) is Thorshill Hotel, Hindhead, Surrey, which provides every possible comfort and excellent fare. 'Phone: Hindhead 545.

HOWDEN COURT, Torquay. 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required. Tel. 2807. A.A. appointed.

RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

BOURNEMOUTH, Loughtonhurst. West Cliff Gdns. Entirely vegetarian. H. & C. ALL bedrooms. Write MANAGER for inclusive Tariff.

BRECON. Small country house, in view of Beacons, to let furnished. Also paying guests. Fishing, riding. STRICKLAND, Penlan, Brecon.

THE Chilterns. Old World Inn. 500ft. up. Fully Licensed. Golf adjoining. Accommodation. Good Country Fare. The Plough Inn, Cadsdean, Princes Risborough, Bucks. Send for particulars.

CAPEL CURIG, Towers Guest House, grounds 70 acres. Conducted excursions (optional), evening entertainments, liberal table, hard tennis court, free trout fishing. Terms, 60s. (season). Seaside centre at Borth-y-Gest. Prog. Free. Tel.: 26. N. S. KERR.

WYE VALLEY Guest House and Craft Centre. Vegetarian Diet. Barn House, Brockweir, Chepstow, Mon.

ACHILL, W. of Ireland; finest scenery in Europe; 18 hrs. London; close to sea. Terms, £2 10s. weekly. Apply Postmistress, Dugort.

JERSEY. Wonderful holidays from £6 12s., price includes travel tickets, accommodation, sightseeing excursions, services of representatives. DEAN & DAWSON, LTD., 81 Piccadilly, W.1.

"TANKARDS," Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey. Delightful sixteenth-century Guest House, with "The Loom and Teapot" tearooms and garden. 31 miles from London.

AT ONICH, in the West Highlands, 10 miles from Fort William, there is a small and comfortable hotel, beautifully situated on the shores of Loch Linnhe. Full particulars from MISS VELLACOTT Onich Hotel, Onich, Inverness-shire.

OXFORD, The Castle Hotel. For comfort, service, good food. Meals served till 10 p.m., h. & c. all rooms. Bed and Breakfast, 8s. Special Week-end Terms.

LAND of Infinite holiday variety—North Wales—where sea and mountains mingle. 33 Resorts, some gay, some peaceful. Mountain climbing, golfing, fishing, sea and sunbathing on the golden sands, sailing, touring, exploring, etc., and endless amusements. Write for booklet (2d. postage) to Dept. 25, North Wales United Resorts, Bangor. Travel by L.M.S. Express Trains at a Penny a Mile.

GUERNSEY, Grande Mare, Vazon Bay. Visitors accommodated in old converted farmhouse facing beach. MRS. CLARKE.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

DEAN & DAWSON, LTD., will make your holiday arrangements to any of the places mentioned in these columns—to any centre in Great Britain and Ireland and Europe. Obtain Holiday programmes, "Seeing Britain and Ireland," "Holidays on the Continent," from 81 Piccadilly, W.1.

THE West of Ireland, Achill Island, finest coast scenery in Western Europe. Ideal for walking and bathing. Eighteen hours from London. Constant hot water, 2 bathrooms. Weekly inclusive terms, £3. MRS. BARRETT, Amethyst House Hotel, Keel, Achill.

KENT. Restful accommodation amid beautiful country old-world village. Bath, h. and c. Efficient catering. Garage. MRS. MILLS, Cottage Farm, Smarden. 'Phone 46.

SUMMER DIET CURE. Build up sunshine within. Withstand all disease. LADY MARGARETS (Fruitarian), Doddington, Kent.

GALLOWAY. Sea, Moors, Hills. A lovely country: Comfort and good food in old farmhouse, bathroom, h. and c. Garage. Mrs. MENZIES, DRUMDOCH, STRANRAER.

CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

JOHN FOTHERGILL, MARKET HARBORO', invites people going North and South, East and West, to use the Three Swans, Now delightful; h. & c. water, fixed and odd meals always.

DEEPDENE, SHANKLIN, I.W. Vegetarian Guest House, sea bathing, sandy beach 10 mins., tennis, ping-pong, etc. Glorious walking country; private car for hire 6d. mile, 4 pass. seats. 2½-3 gns. to end of June, then 3-4 gns. Every comfort. Air journey from London (Heston) 40 mins., air port ½ mile. Mrs. WYNNE. Shanklin 254. Also at 33 Courtfield Road, S.W.7. Frobisher 2094. 2½-3 gns. Partial board from 2 gns.

ENGLISH LAKES. Carefree, unconventional holidays under delightful conditions on unique estate. Varied accommodation. Moderate charges. Particulars, LANGDALE ESTATE, Langdale, Ambleside.

BEACON Hill School, Boyles Court, South Weald, Essex, will be open for summer visitors from mid-July to mid-September. Very pleasant country accommodation for those with short holidays. For terms write Principal.

COME to unspoilt Surrey and stay at "Pilgrims," Gomshall, the Guest House of character. Lovely garden. Perfect hard tennis court. Own produce.

HARROGATE, The Little Guest House, 7 St. Mark's Avenue. Constant hot water. Quiet, moderate.

SUSSEX Cottage, near sea, on high ground, splendid views. Two bedrooms, 2 reception, 1 kitchen. Cov. water, electric light and electric cooker. Must let till October, accept 2 gns. weekly. Box 792, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.2.

RIVIERA.—Small comfortably furnished flat facing south and overlooking the sea, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, sitting room, bathroom, £9 per month, 3 months £24 Pension if desired. Sea Hotel, Cap Martin, A.M.

SWITZERLAND, WILDERSWIL (Interlaken) Park Hotel and Pension des Alpes. Homelike Family Hotel, with every modern convenience. Garage. Splendid view of Jungfrau, etc. Centre for Walks and Daily Excursions. Special terms for 1935. MMES. E. & M. LUTHI, Props.

LADY will welcome young people in her chalet (Champery, Swiss Alps) for summer vac. Opportunity for French conversation and study; swimming pool, tennis, mountain climbing. Good Alpine climate. MME. REINBOLD, Midi 3, Lausanne.

STEINACH—TYROL, 3,423ft. above sea-level, well-known summer resort, swimming-bath. Excellent cuisine, comfort, moderate prices. English spoken. Hotel Weisses Roessl. Prospectus.

BRETON VILLAGE. Journalist recommends comfortable house, 5 mins. sea. Secluded bathing. Garage, garden, h. and c. water. English spoken. July and Sept. from 30 frs. a day. Aug. 35 frs. J. LE BIHAN, Villa la Rance, La Cornillais, Dinard, France.

SHOPPING BY POST

MACKIE'S CASTLE SHORTBREAD
is the famous EDINBURGH SHORTBREAD in thick fingers. It has had an instant popularity.
Per tin by inland post 3s.
Foreign postages on request.
J. W. MACKIE & SONS, LTD.,
108 Princes Street, Edinburgh 2.

HOOVER and Electrolux Vacuum Cleaners, fully guaranteed, nearly new, at about half list price: cash or credit; sent on approval; when answering give voltage; £3 Floor Polisher given Free to every purchaser for a limited period only.—Air-Way, N., Ltd., Abbey House, Baker Street, London, N.W.1. (Welbeck 3331).

JOHN PEEL TWEEDS—woven from pure Cumberland wool, warm and weather resisting. Full suit length 35s. 6d. or 10s. 6d. per yard, 56in. wide. Send for patterns. REDMAYNE & SONS, LTD., No. 10, Wigton, Cumberland.

A REAL PEARL NECKLET FOR 5 gns. We offer a fine quality REAL (CULTURED) PEARL NECKLET, the product of the living oyster, length 18in., including GENUINE DIAMOND CLASP, for 5 GUINEAS. USUAL PRICE 12 guineas. Selection for approval upon request. REAL (CULTURED) PEARL CO., LTD., 14 Dover Street, Piccadilly, W.1. Regent 6623.

LOANS

PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER HOLIDAY GROUP, SALZBURG. Adolescent boys and girls. July-Sept. 12 guineas per month. Apply Dr. Madeleine Ekenberg, Halcyon Club, Cork Street, London.

FABIAN SOCIETY'S Summer School, 1935, at Frensham Heights, near Farnham, Surrey, August 3rd to 31st inclusive. Daily lectures or debates on Socialism and current problems. Bathing, tennis, excursions, etc. Full particulars and terms from the Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., London, S.W.1.

FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

PERFECT FOR CHILDREN
WELWYN (30 minutes King's Cross), a place where every house is beautiful and surroundings are lovely, is the healthiest and safest place for a family. Good schools, ample playing fields, interesting town life, inexpensive amusements, unspoiled open country within 5 minutes. Charming family houses to let from £50 to £120 p.a., with large gardens and every useful and pleasing feature. Purchase £525 to £2,300. A.B.C. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Howardsgate, Welwyn, Herts.

£325. Detached 4-rm. cottage (freehold). Main drainage. El. avail. Garden. "Sunbeam Cottage," Peasmarsh, Rye.

BUCKS. Thatched cottage, large garden, splendid view. 3 bedrooms (1 double), main water, electric light and cooking. £5 per month, furnished. Box 789, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SOUTH CORNWALL, Boswinger. Five room furnished cottage. Beautiful situation. Sleep six. Secluded cove, sandy beach. September, 2½ gns. weekly. Write FARJEON, Round Hill, S.E.26.

ELEVEN miles Cambridge, six Huntingdon, old house 3 sitting, 4 (or 5) bedrooms, bath, electric light and cooking, books, swimming pool and vegetables. 5 gns. weekly August. Box 791, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

SWITZERLAND. To be let furnished, short periods, summer holidays or winter sports, peasant's Mountain Chalet, with maid. RIDLEY, Malthouse Farm, Plumpton, Sussex.

I ONLY WANT 4½ gns. a week for a beautifully furnished Studio, within 2 mins. of Hyde Park Corner. For two months. There are 1,000 modern books in my library: there is a refrigerator in the kitchen. There is a large bathroom with a concealed bath; and there is a balcony bedroom and an entrance hall. But I must have a careful tenant who will promise not to let any of the books go outside the house. If you want this place write to me at Box 790, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

AT LAST
MAYFAIR BED-SITTING Rooms in lovely old Bloomsbury Square. From 30s. Mus. 5856. 41 Tavistock Square, W.C.1.

MODERN SERVICE FLAT, part-furnished, 2 rooms, bath-rm., dressing-rm., kit., immediate possession. Apply Office, Lawn Road Flats, Hampstead.

OVERLOOKING REGENT'S PARK, well-furnished bed-sitting room and suites, central heating, h. and c., 'phone, meals as required. 73 Albert Road.

TO LET, exceptionally pleasant furnished room with balcony. Use of bathroom. 17s. 6d. weekly. Close Redcliffe Gardens. Meals optional. HARE. Fulham 6319.

HAMPSTEAD. Unfurnished MANSION FLAT, second floor; lift; three rooms, kitchen, tiled bathroom; constant hot water, central heating; roof garden, swimming pool; porters and lifts; restaurant; reduced rent £135 per annum inclusive. Apply OCCUPIER, 54 Holmefield Court, Belsize Grove. Pri. 5287.

OVERLOOKING Regent's Park. Modern self-cont. studio flat. One room, kitchen, bathroom, hall. Prim. 6081 before 9.0, after 7.0.

WANTED. Country accommodation as paying-guest by man of 41, weak after long illness: wants ordinary companionship, contact with real English country and a pleasant garden to rest in. Full particulars exchanged. BM/PAPK, London, W.C.1.

MISCELLANEOUS

SUNBATHING. The senior club has a few vacancies. Applications will be considered from men and women of university standing or equal. References required. Particulars on application. Box 785, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

WALKING companion: man (38) wishes another to join him for holidays: architecture; music. Box 781, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

QUAKERISM.—Information and Literature respecting the Faith and Practice of the Religious Society of Friends free on application to the FRIENDS' HOME SERVICE COMMITTEE, Friends' House, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s. 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438–9.

HAVE YOU COCKROACHES? Then buy "BLATTIS" UNION COCKROACH PASTE, universally and successfully used in all parts of the Globe, extermination guaranteed, from Chemists, Boots' Branches, Stores, or Sole Makers: Howarths, 473 Crookesmoor, Sheffield. Tins 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. post free.

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

RESTRICTIONS ON GOLD—OUR PRO-FRANC POLICY—MAJOR ANGAS AND AMERICA—SOME AMERICAN SHARES

It is often said that the Bank of England pursues a pro-German policy. However that may be, it has now become pro-French. Towards the end of last week the Bank of England sent a circular to the joint stock banks, exchange banks and bullion brokers asking them not to deal in forward gold for speculative accounts. The circular to the banks was accompanied by a letter from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, dated 1932! The sequence of these strange events appears to be as follows. First of all, the Bank of France moved the French Government to protest to the British against the forward dealings in gold in the London bullion market. Then the British Government consulted the Bank of England, who advised that these forward dealings were endangering the franc. Result, speculation in gold must stop! It is an astonishing line for any British Government to take which professes to be national. In the first place, the London bullion market is a profitable one for this country. That London should remain the world's market in gold is something of an achievement, seeing that we deliberately abandoned the gold standard in 1931 and have steadfastly refused to return to it. The development of the forward market in gold has largely compensated us for the loss of our international acceptance business. In the second place, to stop speculation in forward gold will destroy the freedom of the market and make it difficult for genuine traders and investors to cover the specific risks to which they are exposed. In the third place, it does not really help France or protect the franc. True, the French business man who is properly advised, sells francs forward and buys gold forward every three months. Recently, no doubt, the big discount on forward francs resulting from these operations had an adverse effect upon spot francs. But if the French demand for gold, which is the real villain of the piece, is now to be shifted from the forward market to the spot, either there will be an actual run upon the gold of the Bank of France or there will be a scramble for spot gold in London with a frantic selling of spot francs. It is just possible that the prevention of speculative dealings in forward gold will induce the Frenchman to sell francs forward against sterling, but it is much more likely that he will be driven into buying gold outright from the Bank of France. The forward gold market in London allowed the French flight from currency into gold to be more or less invisible; when it becomes visible in the streets of Paris; the next internal panic will take on a more alarming shape.

* * *

Major L. L. B. Angas sends me from New York *The Boom Begins*, a sequel to his pamphlet, *The Coming American Boom*. It is more brightly written, more entertaining, more convincing. For the first time Major Angas reveals his soul to the public. He is not, and never has been, a "tipster." He has used his investment book and his tipping pamphlets merely as a means to an end—the preaching of his monetary doctrine. He tells his publishers that his real purpose in writing *The Boom Begins* is "to focus professional and banking opinion on the monetary aspects of depression and recovery." I love Major Angas for his simplicity and faith. In time he will find out that one who writes on economics and finance is never allowed by the public to have a soul, a conscience or a public spirit. Major Angas stoutly insists that he is no longer connected with any business in any country, but is devoting himself entirely to his monetary good works. Actually he is intimately connected with the business of writing books and if he goes on at this rate he will be very successful—though not in the way which he contemplates. I wish him luck, for I am in sympathy with his reforms and his hatred of the old gold standard, but as he himself foresees "a coming boom in village idiots" I do not think he will convert America to his monetary faith.

* * *

Writing in March, Major Angas describes the American situation as ideal for speculative investment. There has been an enormous inflation of bank credit. The currency value of the gold reserves is now three times as much as in 1929. The excess reserves of the reporting member banks of the Federal Reserve system would allow a deposits inflation of over $15 billions, which in turn would increase existing deposits ($14.6 billions) by over 100 per cent. The inflation of bank money has been obscured, because the hoarding demand for money has increased with the supply. But the hoarding demand, Major Angas believes, will vanish with a change either in the public attitude towards money or in the Government's attitude towards profits. No doubt Major Angas will regard the defeat of the N.R.A. as the beginning of a change in the latter. If the business man takes this view, all will be well for the stock markets. The guiding principle of Angas is industrial profits. He does not think in terms of agriculture *v.* industry, or of South *v.* North. The plight of the cotton industry he does not discuss. He does not appear to be conscious of social and political problems. He is not afraid of strikes ("Strikes are normally a sign of prosperity. . . . Wages must rise *pari passu* with general production and profits if recovery is to be healthy"). He just concentrates on the supply of money, general business psychology, and low inventories. His conception of boom is a profits boom—a stock market paradise. "Never before in the history of the world," he says, "has so perfect an investment opportunity presented itself." While Major Angas was writing his pamphlet, the Dow Jones index of industrial shares rose from 97 to 110. It is now 117. He expects a rise to about 140.

* * *

Buying American shares is a very selective business. Major Angas declares that the existing yields on earnings of most American shares are reasonably attractive. I do not agree. It is very difficult, for example, to obtain an earnings yield of 6⅔ per cent., which he lays down as desirable, on any of the industrial leaders, particularly in the case of progressive companies. For example:

	Price.	1934 Earnings per Share.	Earnings Yield %	Annual Dividends per Share.	Dividend Yield %
Monsanto Chemical	87⅝	$3.03	4.06	$1*	1.34
Continental Can. . .	82	$4.02	4.90	$2.40†	2.93

* Last year a stock dividend of 100 per cent. was declared.
† Last year a stock dividend of 50 per cent. was declared.

Both these companies are progressive, well-managed, and solid. The shares can be purchased as a sound investment, but they are not cheap. In the more speculative field higher earnings yields can be obtained. For example:

	Price.	1934 Earnings per Share.	Earnings Yield %	Annual Dividends per Share.	Dividend Yield %
Walgreen	27½	$3.00	10.91	$1.30†	4.73
Commercial Credit	46⅛	$4.12	8.85	$2.00	4.29

† February, 25 cents; April, 30 cents; and for August and November, 35 cents and 40 cents respectively.

Walgreen has one of the largest chains of drug stores in America, and Commercial Credit is the pioneer in commercial finance of the hire-purchase type. All this is not intended as advice to sell our British industrial shares and buy American. We are in the middle of a profits boom ourselves. But Wall Street shows increasing symptoms of Angas.

* * *

In earlier notes on American shares I used to include Standard Brands. I have been disappointed, for the company shows no sign of expansion. Earnings for the first quarter of this year were slightly lower at 23 cents against 33 cents in the corresponding quarter of 1934. Dividends of $1 per share have so far been maintained, but if earnings do not improve the dividend rate may be lowered. As the shares are quoted at about 15, an exchange for income purposes might be made into National Dairy at 15⅜ to yield 7.8 per cent. on dividends of $1.20 (which were short-earned in 1934). National Dairy has suffered from the over-production of milk, but local marketing agreements have now eliminated price cutting and the company, with sound advertising, should increase its sales of cheese and ice cream. Of course, if the prices of dairy products were to fall the company would have inventory losses to meet. There lies the risk. On the other hand, if the Supreme Court is to declare the "processing taxes" illegal, which have hitherto been added to the retail prices, the company will be able to increase its profit margins without causing a consumers' strike.

* * *

On behalf of the multitudinous holders of Shell Transport and Trading Company, I thank Lord Bearsted and his co-directors for issuing a fuller report for 1934, and even explaining the composite little item of £33.7 of property holdings in the balance sheet. Next year, please, the consolidated accounts. Nothing less will satisfy but the whole truth about this greatest of all holding companies.

Company Meeting

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO., LTD.

THE 47th annual ordinary general meeting of Boots Pure Drug Co., Ltd., was held at Station Street, Nottingham, on Thursday, June 6th, 1935, the Rt. Hon. Lord Trent, Chairman of Directors, presiding.

The Chairman said (in part): Turning to the balance sheet, you will see that freehold properties are up by £87,189. Plant and fittings, etc., have increased by £45,640. Stock in trade shows an increase of £70,494. The amounts owing by Subsidiary Companies have increased by £145,244. On the other side of the balance sheet sundry creditors, provision for income tax and contingencies show a decrease of £14,392. We have again transferred the sum of £30,000 to the General Staff Pension Fund which together with accrued interest brings that Fund up to the very satisfactory total of £452,858.

By the issue of 400,000 Ordinary shares, in accordance with the resolution passed at the last annual meeting, there accrued to the Company a net premium of £195,806. Instead of carrying this sum to the General Reserve Fund, your Directors recommend that it be placed to a Contingencies Fund, and so be available for any special non-recurring expense which it may become necessary to incur in the development of the business.

Turning now to the Profit and Loss accounts, you will see that the net balance amounts to £750,036, an increase of £5,171 over last year, which in its turn showed an increase of over £43,000 on the previous year. I think this may fairly be described as very satisfactory, because right up to Christmas, we had no real cold weather and the influenza epidemics which they have had in several other countries since Christmas have almost entirely missed Great Britain. Despite the fact that we have a large number of shops in areas which are still sadly depressed, we have more than maintained our trading position.

After payment of all Preference and Preferred Ordinary dividends, and of four quarterly dividends of 6 per cent. less tax on Ordinary Shares, we have a balance from the year's profits of £269,287 which, together with the balance from last year, amounts to £506,572 as compared with £478,302 last year. Your Directors recommend the payment of a bonus of 3*d*. per share, free of income tax, on the Ordinary Shares, absorbing £80,000 as against £75,000 last year. Your Directors also recommend a transfer to the General Reserve Fund of £150,000, which will then stand at £1,800,000, and the transfer of £16,480 to the Freehold Property Reserve Fund, making that fund up to £32,498. This leaves £260,091 to be carried forward to next year.

TRADING POSITION MORE THAN MAINTAINED

Turning to details of our trading, I am able to report continued steady progress. On March 31st last year we had a total of 1,025 branches, having increased our numbers during the year by 48 branches. By March 31st of this year, we had added a further 54 branches, bringing the total up to 1,079. The total of our sales transactions has continued to increase, and during the year reached over 148,000,000.

ALL DISPENSING RECORDS BEATEN

Sales of drugs and medicines and the number of prescriptions dispensed have again beaten all previous records, in spite of the mild, healthy weather. The total of prescriptions shows an increase of more than 10 per cent. over the previous year. During recent years we have been steadily adding to the number of branches that are open all night to dispense prescriptions.

In connection with our special medical products, continuous research on Insulin has not only enabled us to perfect our product, but the result of these investigations, combined with the result of improving our plant has enabled us to effect progressive economies which we have passed on to the consumer. In February last, we were able to announce that the standard vial, which twelve years ago could not have been sold at less than 25*s*., would be sold to the public at 1*s*., while our price to hospitals and public institutions would be substantially less than this.

This progressive cheapening of this marvellous pharmacological discovery has been highly appreciated by diabetics to whom it has brought release from suffering, and indeed a new lease of life.

The continued progress of our Veterinary and Agricultural Department is particularly gratifying and the excellent reception accorded to our efforts at the Royal and other Agricultural Shows is a measure of the growing esteem in which our products are held.

EXTENSION OF BEESTON FACTORY

The new works at Beeston have continued to receive wide publicity in the Press. As a result of this, applications to make a tour of the factory continue to increase, and we have been particularly interested to observe the international character of our visitors who have included parties from America, Germany, Belgium and Denmark. Especially welcome are the visitors we have had from many parts of the Empire.

I indicated a year ago that the preliminary work had been started on a further block of buildings on our land at Beeston. The first section of this new structure, which has again been designed by Sir Evan Owen Williams, in co-operation with our Works Planning Committee, is intended to house the dry products manufacture and distribution, while a smaller section will meet the growing requirements of fine chemical manufacture, and will incorporate distinctive features which will render it as novel for its purpose as the buildings already erected on the Beeston site. We hope to enter into occupation next year.

STAFF PENSION FUND

You will recall that in referring to the Pension Fund last year, I expressed the hope that a scheme would be in operation before this meeting. I am sure that you will be pleased to learn that that hope has been fulfilled. A comprehensive pension scheme for the whole of the staff, other than Chemists, was introduced at the beginning of the current financial year, and we are now in the happy position of being able to say that all permanent members of the staff of this Company and its associated companies have a substantial provision for their retirement. The Fund will be administered under a Trust Deed, and the assets will be invested in the name of the Trustee company which we have formed for the purpose, and will be quite separate from the assets of our trading companies. As I said last year the Directors regard it as desirable, and indeed, in accordance with the best insurance practice, that the funds should be invested in external securities. The capital sum required to finance the scheme will therefore be gradually withdrawn, over a period of about ten years, and handed over to the Trustee Company (Boots Pensions Ltd.) for investment.

The pension scheme has been received with great satisfaction by the staff and all but a very small number, whose circumstances are exceptional, have joined the funds with enthusiasm. It has been necessary to authorise certain amendments of the existing Chemists' Pension Fund in order to bring it as far as possible into line with the new Fund, and the details are now being worked out.

These Pension arrangements represent only one feature of our consistent policy of seeking to ensure for our workers the maximum of contentment during their working life and of freedom from anxiety for the future. Since the pursuit of this general aim brings with it an added efficiency on the part of the workers and has accounted to no small extent for the company's continued success, I need not apologise for the expenditure into which our schemes for improving the welfare of our workers may lead us.

SUCCESS OF FIVE-DAY WEEK PLAN

A year ago I announced the inauguration of the five-day week experiment in the Nottingham factories. The Minister of Labour was profoundly interested in the scheme and at my request nominated an independent investigator to report on its working, and to make any recommendations he thought fit in regard to its extension. The Investigator, Sir Richard Redmayne, K.C.B., after a thorough examination of the working of the scheme in all its aspects, came to the conclusion that it was completely successful, and that the scheme had averted a certain amount of unemployment which would have naturally followed from the reorganisation that had taken place in conjunction with the opening of the new works.

Having successfully established the five-day week in our factories we have turned our attention to the problem of increasing the holidays of our retail staff. The problem is a much more intractable one than was the five-day week and is complicated by all kinds of difficulties on which I need not dwell in detail. We are, however, going into the question very carefully and thoroughly and for some months past, we have been experimenting in certain selected districts in order to get actual data to go upon. It may be that the cost will prove prohibitive. It may be the cost will be such that we shall find it possible to defray it out of increased profits, as an investment in good will. Or it may be that ultimately the solution of the problem will involve some adjustment of prices. If it be found that the cost of bringing people back into employment affects prices then it is clear that no single company could afford to handicap itself by single-handed action. It would be necessary for the State to support such a scheme of paid holidays to create employment by making them compulsory.

It is to be hoped that many schemes for extending the basis of employment in industry will emerge from the discussions that are now proceeding between the Ministry of Labour and representatives of industry.

It is, I feel, up to companies in our position to make researches into the possibilities of absorbing more workers into industry. But if industry makes suggestions, it is earnestly to be hoped that any Government Departments whose co-operation may be necessary, will give the same sympathetic and helpful response as we have received from the Ministry of Labour.

You would like me to say a word about prospects for the current year. The Directors take the view that while we may look ahead in an optimistic spirit, it must be an optimism tempered by prudence. They think it desirable to maintain ample resources so that the Company will be prepared for any contingency that may arise, while at the same time being ready to take advantage of any opportunities that come along.

In conclusion, the chairman referred to the appointment of Mr. W. E. Weiss, as a director.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.